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Maine Running Vol. 2 No. 4 April 1981

Robert E. Booker

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APRIL 1981

MAINE Running

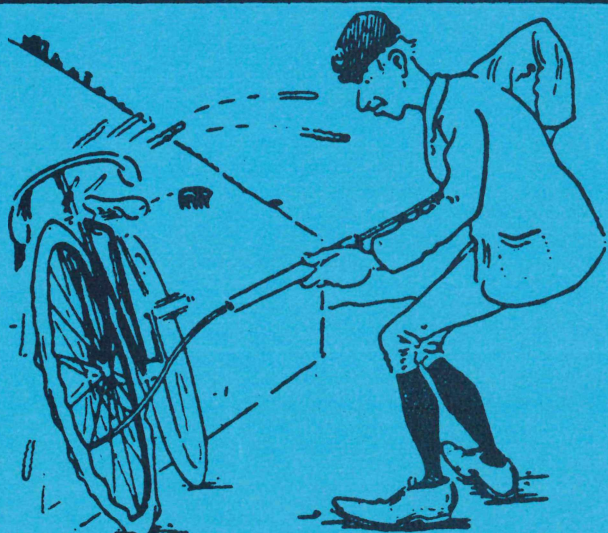


\$1.50

RUNNING A RACE?

Maine Running will be printing it's revised edition of the race calendar in the June issue. So if you are directing a race in June through December or if you know of one that didn't make the original calendar in the January issue, make sure the race director contacts me about it.

Also, consider giving Maine Running as an award in your race. Even out-of-staters like to keep up on the vacationland running scene.

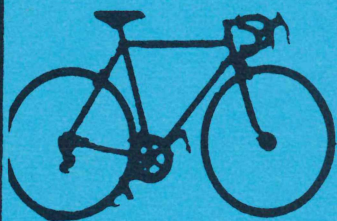


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It's hard to say who is the best road racer in Maine, because there are so many. Then too, you have the problem of determining who is and who is not a Maine road racer. Is Andy Palmer from Maine? How about Bruce Bickford? Joan Benoit? Kurt Lauenstein?

If the criteria is place of birth than Bickford and Palmer are in the picture and Hank is out. If we are talking about where one is living right now than Hank Pfeifle has to be considered among the two or three best. Hank runs some of his best races in Massachusetts. Should they count toward awards of Runner of the Year? I think so.

Hank works for Nike in Saco and runs where he knows the best competition is on any given weekend. He has had some major wins, but he has also lost to some of the best in this state and New England. He doesn't hand pick his races and only run those he knows he can win. He thrives on competition and that's why he is consistently one of the best in the Northeast. Hank Pfeifle, a warm and friendly man who has stayed off the cover only because he travels too fast for me to photograph him. Vern Putney and the folks at the Press Herald caught him though in what appears to be an April shower.

Speaking of which! In this the April issue the Deacon takes us down south to run against the wind in Virginia Beach; you'll read of Gary Novickij and Anita Mathieu, whom I met in Bermuda, and their trip to Maine in May; Sam takes us to Montreal; and Skip squeaked in after the deadline and before he Frach, Mulvey and others went on their annual trek up Kathadin. More on that later.



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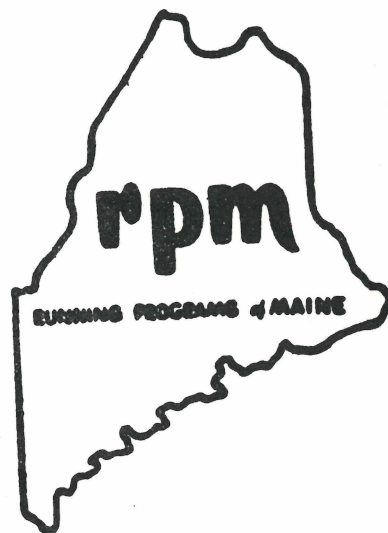
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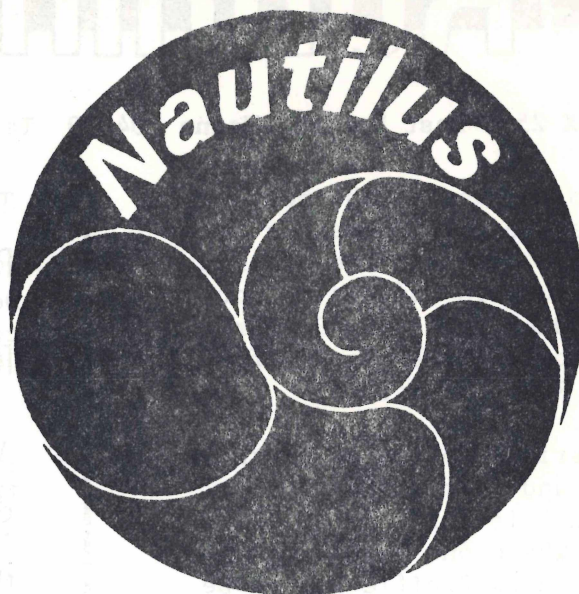
THE PACK 20
Early spring racing in Eastern Maine.



Maine Running is published monthly in Bangor.

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APRIL SIGNUP



PROGRAM



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| 11. ABDOMINAL MACHINE | |

APRIL CALENDAR

- 5 THE BOSTON PRIMER AND THE RACE OF UNDISCLOSED DISTANCE. See flyer in March issue
- 5 NATURAL LIGHT/BENJAMIN'S APRIL FOOL'S RUN, WALK, JOG FOR HEART
See flyer in March issue
- 11 SPRING WOMEN'S RUN 3.4 MILES. Contact Ruth Painter, Williston, VT
05495 802-878-3048
- 11 1ST ANNUAL HUSSON COLLEGE CHIEFWEEK BRAVE RUN '81. See flyer.
- 11 2ND ANNUAL ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL SPRING RUN. See flyer
- 11 CHINA 10K CLASSIC. See flyer
- 12 18TH ANNUAL 3 IN 1 ROAD RACE. Lewiston Parks & Recreation 782-0105
- 18 DAIRY QUEEN BUNNY HOP. Charlottetown, PEI. 10k at 10:00 a.m.
- 20 BAA MARATHON. Hopkinton, MA
- 20 FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL PORTLAND BOYS' CLUB FIVE MILE ROAD RACE
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- 21 AN EVENING WITH DR. GEORGE SHEEHAN. College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor. 7:30 p.m.
- 25 FOXCROFT ACADEMY SPORTS CLUB 2ND ANNUAL 10K FOOT RACE & SPAGHETTI FEED See flyer
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PREVIEW

MAY 3 TEXON FIVE COLLEGE MARATHON. Northampton, MA. Contact: Sugarloaf Mt. Athletic Club, Texon Five College Marathon, P.O. Box 659, Amherst, MA 01004

JUNE 20-21 THE ROWDY ULTIMATE. 100 miles and/or 24 hour run at Whittier Field Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me. Contact: any Rowdy



THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN

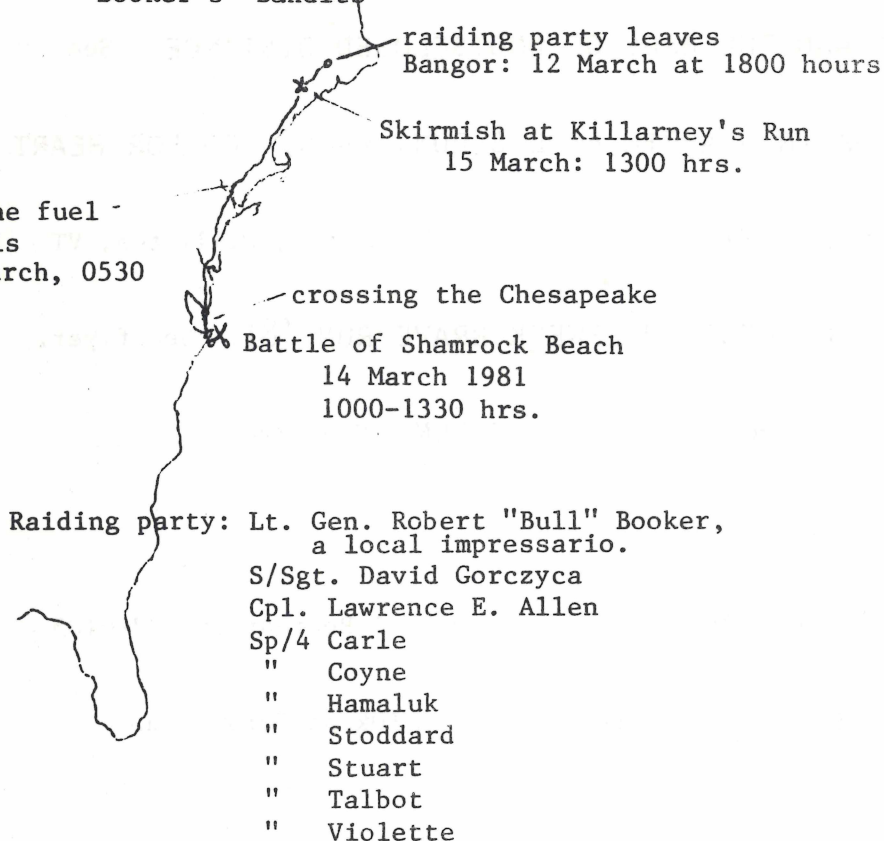


12-15 March 1981

13th Maine Division

"Booker's Bandits"

The fuel -
crisis
15 March, 0530



AGAINST THE WIND

by Deke Talbot

WHEN I RETURNED to Machias after nearly 74 hours on the road, and had time to reflect, I decided that our mission to Virginia was a success. We took many spoils and lost none of our members, although some did not achieve what they had hoped.

But it was a very near thing. For the third year in a row, Maine runners had sent a small raiding party to the Shamrock Beach Marathon in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and had taken more than their share of awards. One would have expected the local runners to have overwhelmed us, but perhaps they continued to ignore our presence. They will ignore us no longer. The awards will no longer be plums ripe for the picking. Unless we send a big contingent next year, we may face annihilation.

Bob Booker had, in fact, planned for a large contingent this year. "We might fill two buses this time," he predicted.

I was somewhat less confident of Bob's ability to attract 72 people to go on such a trip, but as his original plans were for one bus and 36 seats, I reserved a seat quickly. So did my bionic training partner, Phil Stuart. He figured that after his winter's regimen of refereeing basketball games had ended, our regular training runs would be insufficient to burn off his excess energy. Some marathon training might do the trick for him.

Larry Allen, a veteran of the previous year's campaign, quickly signed up, and convinced some of his training partners to join him. Several others handed Bob a deposit to hold seats on the bus for them. Things looked good for a full bus, with a hired driver. We would lean back in our reclining seats and do our invasion in style.

Unknown to us, though, some seams were developing in the rosy picture. Many of the people who originally had signed up were not all that committed, and began telling Bob so. The hotel where Bob had phoned his reservations cancelled them when Bob didn't send them a it-was-mandatory-though-we-didn't-say-so advance deposit. He began to scramble. Who would remain loyal to the cause?

There was Biblical precedent for Bob's situation, in the story of Gideon, the Israelite General-on-the-spot. God wanted a loyal army, not a big one; and when the conditions were laid to the Israelite troops, an armed force of 32,000 melted down to a group of 300 men armed only with rams' horns.

And yet, Gideon's force performed admirably, raising such a din with their horns that their Amalekite enemies panicked and were crushed. Bob, in his eternal optimism, felt that he, too, would prevail.

So it was that Bob's faith was vindicated. He obtained reservations at a Howard Johnson's in Virginia Beach, although the hotel would be about 2 miles from the Marathon starting line. 10 of us gave our final commitments to join the trip. Knowing that a chartered bus was too expensive, Bob was able to get reasonable rates through Sullivan Ford for a 12-passenger rental van. We would have to share the driving, and getting some sleep might be an adventure, but the trip was saved. We would go with sturdy, hand-picked, loyal troops. But, except for Bob and Larry, veterans of last year's trip, we could only guess what the mission would involve.

Following our commander's instructions, Phil and I drove into the Bangor Mall at 1730 hours on Thursday, March 12. We made our rendezvous at the Athletic Attic, and stopped for a quick dinner before embarking on our mission. There we finally met with our compatriots and went over our plans. Steve Carle arrived from Princeton; Dave Gorczyca and Vance Stoddard from Winter Harbor. Bob, Gary Coyne, Larry Allen and Mark Violette would represent Bangor. En route, we would pick up Barbara Hamaluk in Portland. We planned on fairly frequent driver changes. The on-deck driver would sit shotgun and act as navigator. We would rotate along the seats, like a volleyball team, as the drivers changed. We received an issue of uniforms: bright red and green Maine Running racing vests, which we had to pay for. Our leader could not have been all that confident that we would survive our mission with ourselves and our uniforms intact.

We piled into the van with our

gear and high-flying spirits. Bob took the driver's seat and turned up the radio and the rear speakers. We took off in an uproar of happy banter. I figured that the atmosphere might be a little heavier about the time we reached the Jersey Turnpike.

One of the cardinal rules of a commando mission is to travel light. The raiders must live off the land instead of carrying their food with them. Larry Allen disobeyed the rule, and stored some yogurt aboard. A stray foot knocked over the yogurt, and some of it spilled onto the clothes and cameras on the floor of the van. Bob threatened to have him court-martialed and shot, but we needed Larry too much to dispose of him. Having made his screwup early, he might be O.K. for the rest of the mission. At least we hoped so.

At 2030 we picked up Hamaluk in Portland, and drove on. By Bob's own estimate, she was our best chance to collect some booty from the race, so we wouldn't make her do any of the driving.

Once we were all together, Bob showed us a reconnaissance map of our objective, and began his briefing. He ordered radio silence, and began pointing out key areas on the course.

"There's only one place that can pass for an uphill on the whole course, and the elevation change is only about 20 feet. It comes at 18 miles and again just before the finish. It actually gives a little relief to the legs.

You'll be running through two service installations, Fort Story and Camp Pentleton. The Navy and Marine bases enter teams in the race, and they have a fierce rivalry. When you go through Camp Pentleton, listen to the Marines grunting to cheer their runners on.

After 20 miles you will come upon a pig farm. You'll be able to tell they aren't the Marines, because of the smell.

And watch out for King Kong at about mile 24. There's this 30-foot statue of him, looming out of the woods, in a travel park."

I tried to put aside Bob's stories of grunting pigs and Marines and King Kongs, and concentrate on the course map:

I hoped that at least the song would be good.

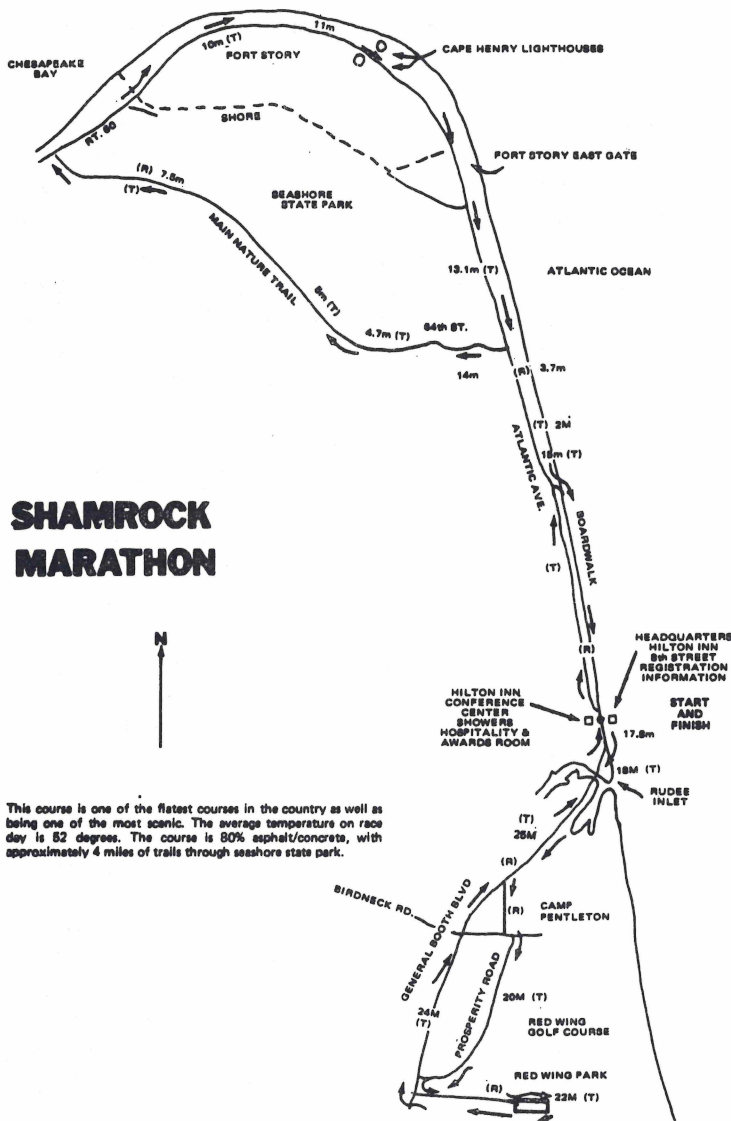
Slowly we settled into the routine. We made our periodic stops to change drivers, stretch our legs, and flush our kidneys. We experimented with different positions in the seats as we tried to nap. We strained our backs to stretch our legs, and vice versa. Larry Allen discovered a way to lie down in the van with his head between the front seats and his legs under the next row of seats; this quickly became the catbird seat, despite the fact that the floor was covered with dried yogurt.

I drove for a stretch in Connecticut, and must have somehow fallen asleep after that, because I don't recall going over the Tappan Zee. I have groggy memories of a still, subdued passage on the Garden State Parkway, and a stop at a cafeteria where some of the troops picked up a little food. I was turned off by the sight of the plastic-wrapped plastic-colored desserts revolving inside a cylinder. I couldn't take any nourishment then.

Then came Delaware, and sunrise, and a rebirth of hope. The grass was green, or so it appeared to us. We pushed on, and sacked a Howard Johnson's near Dover. There we refilled our bellies and moved on. Our spirits lifted as we prepared for the final drive.

We crossed into Maryland, and not long after we reached the Virginia line. Even there we did not pause, but forged ahead to the Chesapeake bridge-tunnel. Once we reached it, Bob said, the trip would be over. The last miles would be pure entertainment.

The Chesapeake bridge-tunnel connects the eastern shore peninsula of Virginia with the south shore, and also crosses the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, extending 21 miles. Bob used all his showman's tricks to hype us up for the crossing, and we strained our eyes to see the marvel.



My attempts were not successful. Faced with the endurance test ahead, my mind was trying to skip from one thing to another. I moved on to the prevalent game of trying to guess which song on the radio would be played enough times to become emblazoned in our skulls for constant replay every time we would take a run in the next 6 months.

I must admit that the show wasn't too bad, even with an \$8.00 entry fee to cross the bridge. At one point in our crossing we were out of sight of land, despite the clear day. To our left, dozens of ships lay at anchor, waiting a turn to enter the Bay through one of the channels. Underwater tunnels carried us below these channels. On the bridge itself, the regular expansion joints put us into a gentle, almost provocative, rocking rhythm. "Ride 'em, cowboy," Bob said.

When we reached the other side, we were scarcely 10 miles from our destination. As we approached, we came upon a section of the course. Okay, Bob, I believe you; it's flat, I thought to myself. But now all I want is a nice flat bed.

We arrived at the hotel, and in the lovely 65° sunshine I forgot about bedrest for a few minutes. After dumping our gear, we met for a reconnaissance run to stretch our travel-cramped legs. We ran along the boardwalk above the beach for 2 miles, until we came to the hotel where registration would take place. I then decided I had to run back on the beach, barefoot, carrying my shoes. My achilles tendons stretched out as I ran along the water line. I didn't venture far into the water; it felt too much like the Cutler ocean. I decided with regret that this wasn't the Gulf Stream.

Tired as we were, we managed to fritter away much of the afternoon without sleeping. We went back to the registration site, and picked up our numbers. Then there was junk to buy and uniforms to model, as we decided what to wear for the race. Before long it was supertime, and the world was catching up to us and our need for some sleep.

Dave Gorczyka and Vance Stoddard decided to eat at the spaghetti-feed provided at the registration-site, but the rest of us raided an Italian restaurant and ate enough provisions to tide us over till the race. Mark Vio-

lette and I then found a drugstore where we could purchase some suntan lotion and Solarcaine to protect against the inevitable shoulder-burn we palefaces would suffer after the race. We found that the drugstores stocked some unfamiliar items; hair-straightening lotion and nose douches, to name two.

Bob and Gary Coyne, possessed of some energy they were willing to invest in living rather than in marathoning, decided to stop at a pub after dinner. The rest of us headed unerringly to our hotel. I crashed into bed, picked up a book, read about four words, and was out cold.



Since I had the only alarm clock in the crew, I gave wakeup calls to several of the other rooms at 7 a.m. After a hot shower to loosen the muscles, I headed downstairs to the restaurant for a glass of orange juice. Some of the others were having toast, but I felt very comfortable living off my own fat.

Mark had a sheet of stick-on shamrocks, which he gave to me with instructions to put some on my number as a luck charm. Naturally, we would need some defense against the evil spirits. Other soldiers might carry bibles or yarn dolls that had protected their fathers through the Battle of the Bulge; we would have to travel lighter.

For some reason, I began thinking that I had an extra hour more than the remaining time before the race. I dressed leisurely, and as the van drove us to the starting-line I tried to think how I was going to kill the extra time I thought we had. But when we arrived at the starting-line, there was no way to move leisurely. A brisk, chilling wind kept us stepping lively. The mild day before had thinned our blood, and left us no more prepared for the cold than the natives. Try as I might, I could not act calm and unaffected, in the style of a superior Yankee.

With only 10 minutes to the start, it finally sunk into my skull that we were nearly ready to go. I did a few strides, then huddled into the pack to escape from the wind.

The pack was quickly lined up on the wide roadway, and we took off directly into the wind. The first 4 miles would make us run into the teeth of the wind, up Atlantic Avenue. The pack strung out in a frustratingly thin bead. There were none of the reassuring clumps of runners to pull me along and provide shelter from the wind. Phil and Steve were a few paces ahead, but I avoided doing battle with the wind to catch up. The price was high enough as it was, despite a slower-than-normal pace. All the while we were running uphill. Perhaps it was at a rate of 5 feet a mile, but there was no doubting it.

Bob started out by running with Barbara. She was perhaps suffering more than the rest of us. When she had to stop heavy training last year to undergo a knee operation, Mother Nature had a chance to catch up to her and re-afflict her with all the periodic inconveniences of being a woman. She told Bob, "I hope I don't die of toxic shock syndrome."

At 4 miles we turned onto a path leading into the woods. Finally out of the wind, I pushed until I caught up with Phil, and then tried to hang on as he barreled along. He was forcing the movement, and I very definitely was not in control. I had a strong urge to treat my body kindly. I began to disassociate, and noticed that many of the trees had flat, waxy leaves. It was a thrill to see real leaves again, even if they looked fake. Phil inched away, and quickly broke contact. "I'll see you later," I called out. I had vaguely murderous hopes of passing him, broken and cramping, late in the race, but knew in my heart this would not happen today. The footing was soft and gentle, but I was slipping

a bit. We went by a swamp, and my mind wandered again. I realized that I wouldn't likely make up for lost time with such an attitude.

We came out of the woods, and I welcomed the asphalt. I didn't feel like accelerating yet, but the wind was no longer in my face. Slowly we were turning around. I entered the gates of Fort Story, and set my bearings for the barber-pole lighthouse in the distance. As I came into the open, the wind slammed into my side. In places the wind funneled through a dry sandbed, and sandblasted me.

Then the wind was behind me, and I was howling along. But as fast as I could go, other people seemed to be going faster. The sun's glare began to sink into my eyes. At the water-stations I took a couple of gulps, dropped the cup, and watched as the cup bounced with the wind, keeping pace ahead of me.

I reached the halfway point in just under 1:20, feeling confidence that I had regained my stride. I was maintaining my position now, passing and being passed with equal frequency. "Maybe I can maintain the same pace... I'm still upwind of the finish line," I thought. Thoughts of breaking 2:40...

I had forgotten that my mind was still in the weak, pensive state it had when I was in the woods. I also ignored the many tricks the wind had left to play. The wind had first been an honorable, predictable foe, and then a steadfast friend. But now it would hit me below the belt.

At 15.5 miles we made a turn off Atlantic Avenue onto the Boardwalk, a concrete passageway between the beach and the towering hotels. I took a drink at a water-stop, then began the turn onto the Boardwalk. I turned my shoulder to look behind.

Suddenly I was down, the victim of loose gravel and a sudden gust of wind. Unlike Bill Rodgers at New York I didn't even need anyone else to trip

me up. I started out again, not waiting for the mandatory eight-count.

Nothing seemed to be knocked out of joint, though my hands and right knee were bleeding. But the sudden blow to my psyche brought back my weakmindedness in full force. Still, the wind was behind me, so I was able to keep up a reasonable pace without pain. But I was no longer howling along. The wind could be trusted no longer.

At 18 miles we came off the Boardwalk and were cheered on by a good crowd near the finish-line. The final 8-mile loop remained. I started up the "hill", about the size of a turnpike overpass, and passed somebody walking there. I found the sight unusual, and slightly uplifting. My mind might be kitten-weak, but it was stronger than some.

Soon we were passing into Camp Pentleton. Although I was still running with the wind, it was blocked by a line of trees and not aiding me any more. I needed somebody to provide a mental tailwind. I needed to have the Marines grunt at me, but none were there. The 20-mile timer called out a 2:03 as I passed, which was still respectable, but I knew there was some headwind to deal with and I would need those grunts to get through it. There were some Marines passing out water and applauding as we left the base, but I couldn't hear what I wanted to hear. Where was their esprit-de-corps? What was wrong with America?

The pig farm...maybe the pigs would cheer me on! But when I arrived there, none was in sight. I could smell them, but I couldn't see them. What was wrong? Yesterday I had seen an obscenely fat sow out in the pen in full glory, when we toured this section of the course.

"Soooooooooooo!" I called.

No response. I had wasted my precious energy. The wind would prey on

me now.

At 22 miles we entered and circled a large field, getting a glimpse of how some of our compatriots were doing. As I entered, Phil was just coming out. I couldn't tell how much of a lead that involved, but knew it was hopeless for me. As I completed my loop of the field and came out, I met Mark coming in. The way I felt, I wondered if he would have a shot at me.

I was back on the main road, with the wind in my face. Some people were walking again, though not for long. I had no desire to walk, no desire to do anything but plod, plod along. My race would end not with a bang, but a prolonged whimper.

I passed a travel park and looked for King Kong, but I was looking in the wrong park. When I finally passed by him, I was thinking only about plowing my way against the wind the last 200 yards of the race, and never saw him. I found out later that Kong had gone to jump on Mark Violette's back.

Finally, we returned to the little hill on the overpass. By now my brain had turned into a committee advising against any action. I received no acceleration signal. But because I was in no particular pain, I could still move well enough. Larry Allen, unknown to me, was just behind me and moving up until he ran out of gas on the overpass.

The road was thick with runners moving in the opposite direction, with 8 miles to go. Sadly, I was too jaded to feel sorry for them. They'd put themselves out there voluntarily. But most of them didn't seem to be in all that much pain.

The digital clock at the finish was ahead, and I was slightly disappointed that I was in the 2:45's. But, to be honest, I hadn't extended myself all that much, and I knew it.

After the finish line I was funnelled inside, out of the wind and to the beer. I looked for familiar faces. Steve Carle was moving around, high as a kite, having pulled off a marvelous 2:29:54 in training shoes.

Phil was crumpled in a corner. He had run a 2:40 in only his second marathon, and was showing the effects. He couldn't even rise for a free beer. In fact, he wasn't all that sure he wanted one. I was ashamed of myself for failing to put out for the squadron the kind of effort Phil had. Another day, perhaps.

Larry came in just behind me, very pleased with his 2:46. He had had limited training mileage over the past several weeks, but his heavy background training from the early winter was ringing up dividends. He looked unscathed. So did Gary Coyne, who checked in at 2:48.

Larry told me that Mark had been with him, but they were separated and Mark faded. It appeared that he had taken on too many of the enemy. He was in condition to break 3 hours easily, having run a 10-miler in the low 58's a month before. But he hadn't followed the Game Plan. He had made his head-on charge for medals and glory, but it looked as if he had Bought the Farm.

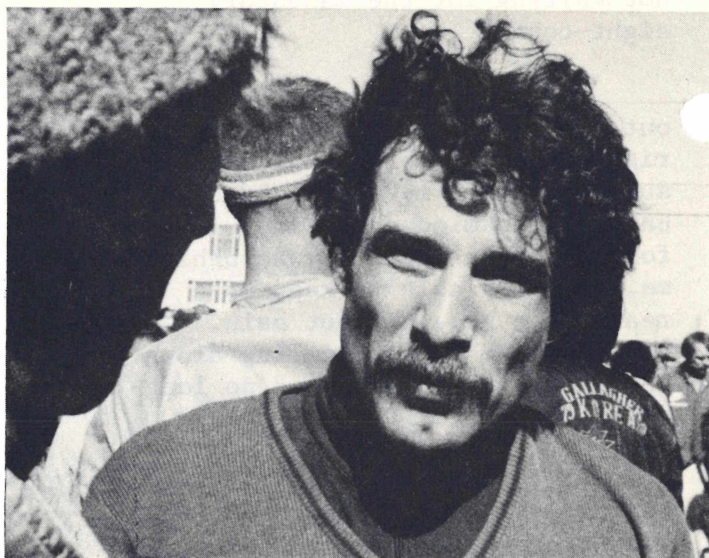
Booker was next. He was smiling, so I assumed he had reached the 3-hour goal. He had just missed it by 36 seconds, but had run a P.R. He had actually seen the digital clock while it was still in the 2:59's, but did not allow a complaint to escape.

Barbara finished in 3:08, and told us that she had passed Mark near the finish. Maybe we had lost him in the battle, but at least we would recover the body.

When Mark finished, he was philosophical about it. "I ran a stupid race," he laughed. Nobody disagreed. "20 miles in 2:07, and my last 10 K in 1:03," he added. "I guess there's room for a little improvement."

After Vance and Dave finished, we went back out to the windy battlefield to pick up our booty. Steve Carle picked up a trophy for his 11th-overall finish, Phil for his second place in the 30-39 age category. Some saboteurs tried to deny Barbara her first place in the 30-39 women's age group, but we discovered the attempt in time.

Because of a technicality, we could



not include Steve as a member of our team, but Bob figured out that we had morally won a second place in the team competition.

Vance and Dave took the van to the hotel, while the rest of us, laden with booty, took to the streets. Steve was now very much in command. He commandeered a pickup, and as we climbed in, ordered the driver to take us to the hotel. When we got there, Bob offered the fellow a sop by taking his picture.

We took inventory of our spoils, stretched out our legs for a while, and then made plans for a supper raid. Booker had given clear instructions; eat the high-class stuff, spend your money, leave nothing on the plate. Our target would be the 6th-floor restaurant of the Holiday Inn next door to our hotel. We collected in one room of our hotel, watched the Hawaii Endurance Triathlon (2.4 mile swim, 112-mile bike ride, and marathon back-to-back) on TV, and then headed out.

At the restaurant, I was determined to treat myself often and well. My dinner went like this:

Pina Colada

She-crab soup
Oysters on the half-shell
Salad Bar
(two big helpings)
Bread (loaf)
Lobster Tail
Sirloin Steak (rare)
French Fries

Cheese Cake

I have probably forgotten something.

My dinner was not all that unusual. We were disgusting.

But our behavior was understandable. Like Napoleon fleeing Russia, we had a long trip ahead.



Phil and Mark were definitely out of commission in the early going, but the rest of us were able to keep driving, in hour-long shifts. After the passage over the Chesapeake bridge-tunnel, stretching like a pearl necklace off to infinity, there was little to see. We kept watch for aroused natives and pushed on for home territory.

Our van was blessed with a double gas tank, and one of our early amusements on the trip was to let the gas gauge get down to empty, then flip a switch and watch as the gauge needle moved to Full as the second tank came into service. I was driving in southern New Jersey on the return trip when my turn came to flip the switch to the reserve tank. I mentioned it to Mark, who had revived enough to ride shotgun, but didn't check to see if he had heard me. My driving turn ended, I curled up back for some sleep.

As we entered southern Connecticut, I began to stir again. Gary Coyne was driving, Booker riding shotgun. The gauge was on empty, and Gary mentioned that it was time to switch to the reserve tank.

I did some quick calculations, and decided it was time to panic. It was 0530 on a Sunday morning, not exactly the best time to fill up. Had we come so far, fought so well, only to be marooned in some obscure back-eddy of urban sprawl, never to tell our story?

We turned off the turnpike onto a road to a Brewer-sized town, but no stations were open. Mark had seen an open station 15 miles back toward New York, but we decided to forge ahead instead. If we failed, at least we would die with our Nikes on.

10 anxious minutes later, we came to a beautiful all-night station with its lovely \$1.56-per-gallon gas.

By the time we reached Worcester, Mass., we were ready for breakfast, except for Mark. We sacked a HoJo's while Mark sprawled out in the van.

Fueled both by gas and food, we entered the final leg of our trip.

Bob brought us back across the Piscataqua river bridge, and we pulled into Portland to leave Barbara at her home. During our break there, we were demented enough to try to jog a little, laughing at our pathetic attempts. Bob, however, didn't look too bad in his attempts. I told him he hasn't learned how to tear himself up in a race yet.

We left Portland and set our bearings Northeast. Larry mentioned that last year the crew had tried to make it to Waterville in time to see the Killarney's Pub 10-K race. We turned the radio to station WABK, which we had heard would cover the race. Using the station as a beacon, we headed up the coast.

Our spirits began to rise again. We remembered our desire to have a theme song for the trip, taken from the songs on the radio. "Kiss on my List" and its ilk, which we had heard most often, weren't high-class enough. Then, WABK played Bob Seeger's "Against the Wind."

...Running with people I thought were my friends...

We knew we had finally found our theme.

The station began mentioning the race more often, and told us that it was a 1:00 start. We became more excited about getting there. I stirred things up even more by changing into my warmups. Suddenly we were all fumbling about the van, digging out warmups and our Virginia Beach T-shirts and atomic balm, preparing to crash the race. 3 minutes before the start, we pulled up to the starting line, hobbling, groaning and yelling. We lined up at the back of the pack, and began shuffling and laughing along. We hobbled along the course for a mile, then decided to turn around. Bob started us on a basketball weave, and Mark started leaping over ditches. I most assuredly did not feel that ambitious.

When we returned to the van,

we definitely loosened up. Now we could put up our weapons with honor.



EPILOGUE

Perhaps the story deserves not to end. The St. Patrick's Day Blizzard covered my memories with a blanket of snow, keeping them fresh until spring uncovers them again. Despite the long trip and the recent inclement weather, my legs were fresh and unwounded. Bob was already full of sugar-plum visions of next year's trip.

I will leave next year to the visionaries like Bob. This year's campaign had just begun. First, for me, would be Boston, revisited after 8 years. After that, I could not tell. My plans were, and are, clouded by the specter of the Rowdy Ultimate. Would I or wouldn't I?

I couldn't think of that now, but the Battle of Shamrock Beach had kicked me out of winter lethargy and started me on my way.

FINISH

Results, Shamrock Beach Marathon, March 14, 1981 (approximately 1,325 finishers)

Steve Carle	11th	2:29:54
Phil Stuart	31st	2:40:33
(2nd place, age 30-39)		
Deke Talbot	56th	2:45:49
Larry Allen	61st	2:46:13
Gary Coyne	85th	2:48:53
Bob Booker	190th	3:00:36
Barbara Hamaluk	6th(F)	3:08:56
(1st woman, age 30-39)		
Mark Violette	308th	3:10:26
Vance Stoddard	691st	3:33:34
Dave Gorczyca	731st	3:35:(blur)

RUNNING ON...

by Skip Howard

Take a chance or play it safe? Does this seem an out-of-place question when applied to the placid, bucolic vision of the solitary runner out for a Sunday afternoon jog? What risk is being taken here? What conservative ethic?

Who said, in the first place, that running was placid? Well, I did, just a few sentences ago. And since I've set up this one-way dialectic, here's another question: why all these questions? Fact is, there's nothing dangerous about the slow jog on a sunny day. But it's a fact of life that 1) satisfaction is only temporary, and 2) anything you can do well, you'll try to do better. So that's two facts of life, the one axiomatic, the other a corollary.

Translate this into 15 miles a week striving for 30 (double trouble), 3:15 marathoner going for 2:50, 40:00 10K legging it for sub 37:00, and suddenly, you're on the razor edge! Of course, it's the element of chance confronted and challenged that makes our lives worth while. Sometimes success sometimes failure, sometimes somewhere in between, but what shakes us from that comfortable niche, plucks us from what is known and near and dear, and sends us hurtling out the door, off the starting line, to what?

It's the need to improve, to better our state, to contest our supposed limitations, I think. No one wants to stagnate, to take the current plateau as the final resting place. So it's a restless matter, this question of why try. And all the while we're pushing at the barriers, gasping and going up and down, we're crying for a rest, a small conquest, any evidence that we've arrived at that mysterious level. And when we're there, it's only a brief respite, and on again. So ~~be~~ it. You're not satisfied, huh? Then don't be. Press on. Good luck. Hope you don't get hurt. But more of that later.



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LUMBERJACKS TRAINER

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AT THE RACES

THE ICEBERG MARATHON

The second annual Iceberg Marathon was a huge success. Thirty-eight people came to run and twenty-one finished. I don't think there were more than two or three who dropped out who intended to go the whole distance.

The weather was much better this year as well, with temperatures in the 30's. Rock Green took off at the start and never looked back. He ran the first 10 in 55 and kept the same pace going through the next ten. That's where Andy Palmer kicked in the after-burners. With a little more than a 10k to go, Rock had about a half mile lead; a little over three miles later Andy passed him. We figure Andy ran the last 10K in about 32 minutes. A nice Boston warm-up.

Bob Jolicoeur had things his way in the masters division by running a comfortable 3:38:55. The women's division was barren.

Perhaps we have the only marathon in the world in which a brother/sister act holds the course records, since Andy's sister Jane won the women's division last year.

Bob Booker

STEVE RIDLEY CHECKS O.J.
OUT AS THEY MAKE THE TURN
FOR THE LAST 10K AT THE
ICEBERG MARATHON
THE GERMANY BOUND
DEAF OLYMPIAN RAN
A P.R. 2:33:28!

SECOND WIND

The Athletic Congress (TAC) advises that they have been busy lately with requests from marathon runners for TAC registration numbers. Most major marathons held in the United States require the contestant to register with TAC. Because so many waited until the last minute to register and get a number for their entry blank for the Boston marathon it has been touch and go to make sure that all runners received their registration number in sufficient time.

Anyone planning to compete in a marathon this year where TAC membership is a requirement is asked to contact John Sinclair for the registration materials. He can be reached at 155 Pine Street, Lewiston, Maine 04240. He can be reached by telephone after 7:00PM at 786-3375.

J. Frank Glynn

I was lucky to catch Joan at home the other day and ask her about her victory at the San Diego Natural Light Half Marathon in what has been reported as world record time: 1:11:16

She had just arrived back in the Cape after finishing second to Patty at the River Run in Florida. Gareau finished third. Joanie thinks Boston is anybody's race although Patty must be tagged the favorite. There has never been a marathon with three women under 2:30. See ya on the 20th!



NEW YORK CITY TO MAINE RUN - 376.2 MILES

MAY 15th - MAY 24th, 1981

One day in early September, 1980, while walking down Dock Square in Kennebunkport, Maine, about to be interviewed by Bob Lipkin of the Biddeford Journal Tribune on ultramarathoning, a thought occurred to me....why not run from New York City to Maine some day. Now, by some super ultramarathoners' standards, it's nothing. But to Anita and I (we've only been running ultras for ten months) it would be quite a "trip". I brought up the subject during the interview. Anita's reaction was almost immediately positive. Bob was a little more reserved but did mention the idea in his column.

Next step was when and how. We figured the distance to be somewhere between 350 and 400 miles and the most logical time would be early July since we spend our vacation in Maine anyway at that time with Anita's family. But, as we kicked the idea around a little more, it made more sense to end the journey with the Nike sponsored Maine Coast Marathon, which ends at the University of Maine in Biddeford and is held on Memorial weekend (Sunday, May 24th, 1981). We figured to take U.S. Rt. #1 all the way from N.Y.C. to Kennebunk (start of the marathon), averaging 40 miles a day and having a support team accompany us in a van.

On Thanksgiving weekend we checked out Rt. #1. It was impossible! It merged in many places with Interstate 95, a super highway, where you just couldn't run. So, at Christmas time we checked out another way: Rt. #22 all the way upstate New York, then Rt. #9 through Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine to Kennebunk. The distance between my apartment on East 54th Street and the Turnpike Motel in Kennebunk, Maine was exactly 350 miles. Add the marathon distance, and we have 376.2 miles to Biddeford. That was it!

We will start Friday, May 15th, 1981, averaging 39 miles per day for nine days, then join the marathon as official entries on May 24th.

Our support team members, who are also runners, will run and/or bike as much or as little as they want, taking turns driving. Some of them who have never done a marathon before will join us in the Nike Maine Coast Marathon as official entries. Eve Havens is one of them. She started running at age 63 and wants to celebrate her 65th birthday (June 11th, 1981) by running her first marathon.

The enclosed map shows all the stops and distances in between.

WISH US LUCK!

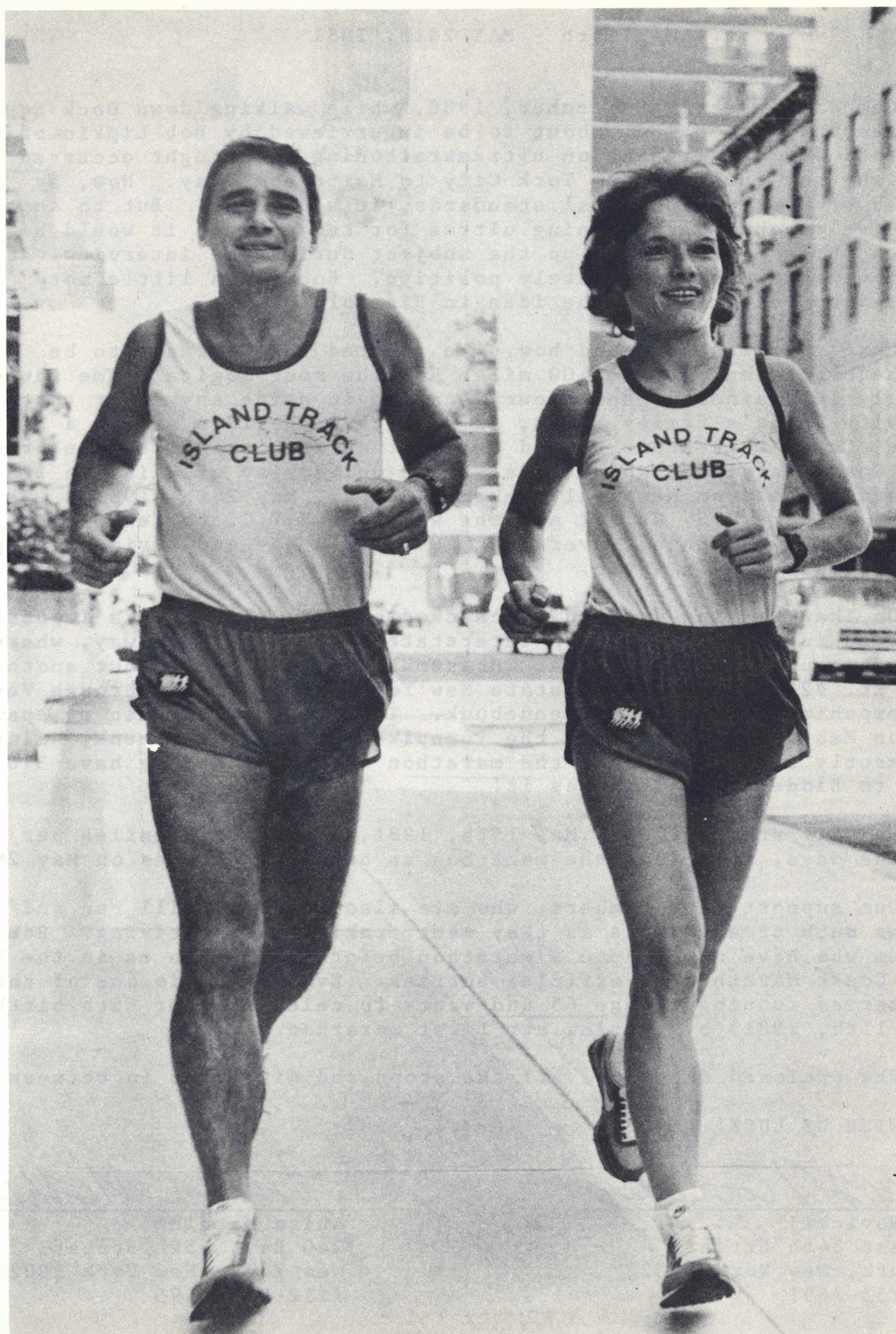
Gary Novickij

Gary Novickij
333 East 54th Street
New York, New York 10022
#212-753-7691

Anita Mathieu

Anita Mathieu
240 East 55th Street
New York, New York 10022
#212-935-1695

(Born in Biddeford, Maine
where my mother, sister,
and brother still live.)



376 MILES

FINISH 10

UNIVERSITY OF
MAINE
BIDDEFORD, ME.

KINNEBUNK
HIGH SCHOOL
START OF
MARATHON

MAINE COAST
MARATHON
26.2

FLETCHER ST

STORER ST.

RT 1

Rt 9

RT1

RAMADA INN MOTEL
SPARTAN, N.H.
DOVER,

RAMADP INN MOTEL
CONCORD, N.H.
NEW MOTEL

Lake View

OSTER LODGE

FOOT HILLS MOTEL
ANEMIA, NY

ELEPHANT
MOTEL
SOMMERS, NY

RT 6

START
333 E 54 ST.
NEW YORK, NY

START 8:AM 333E54ST. 1G
WEST ON 55ST.
NORTH ON 6TH AVE.
WEST ON C. P. SOUTH

NORTH ON BROADWAY (RT. 9)

STAY ON NO. RT 9
EAST ON RT. 133 IN OSSINING, N.Y.
NORTH ON RT. 100 TO BREWSTER, N.Y.
NORTH ON RT. 22 TO 165 MILES FROM

EAST ON RT. 7 RUNNING INTO RT 9 IN VT.
EAST ON RT. 9 TO 9A, 339 MILES FROM START
EAST ON 9A TO RT 1

NORTH ON RT. 1 TO STORER ST. (1/4 MI.)
LEFT ON STORER ST (1/2 MI.)
BEAR LEFT ON FLETCHER ST.
PASS KENNEBUNK HIGH SCHOOL
(START OF MARATHON)

GO 1 MILE TO TURNPIKE MOTEL
MAY 24 JOIN THE MARATHON
FINISH - END OF MARATHON

WILLIAM S. QUILLEN, M.ED., P.T.

PHYSICAL THERAPY
7D BADGER ROAD
ANNAPOLIS, MD. 21402

301 - 265-2217

8 March 1981

Mr. Robert Booker
P.O. Box 259
East Holden, Maine 04429

Dear Mr. Booker;

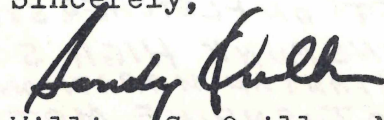
Enclosed please find a check in the amount of \$10.00 for a subscription to Maine Running.

If a subscription request from this far south doesn't pique your curiosity, I'll explain anyway. I will be moving to Portland this summer and opening an independent Orthopaedic and Sports Physical Therapy Clinic in conjunction with the Orthopaedic Surgery and Sports Medicine practice of Dr. Douglas Brown. Doug and I knew each other here at the Naval Academy and he's convinced me Maine's the place to establish a practice.

As head of the physical therapy and athletic training branches here at the Naval Academy we treat many runners. Our Clinic in Portland will have CYBEX II evaluation capability as well as the ability to provide low cost orthotic and shoe modifications. Needless to say we're excited. The Clinic should open in August.

As a runner myself, I'm looking forward to joining the Maine Track Club. From your February publication I see you'll be making the trip to Va. Beach. I'll be there #1530 running the marathon. Perhaps we'll have the chance to meet personally there.

Sincerely,



William S. Quillen, M.Ed., P.T.

(A regular column in which the author--a runner who almost makes up in persistence and dedication what he lacks in talent--describes some noteworthy runs in noteworthy locales. The aim is twofold: first, that these descriptions may prove useful to those actually travelling to the cities covered, and, second, the accounts may hold some interest even to non-travellers who enjoy imagining a variety of running experiences.)

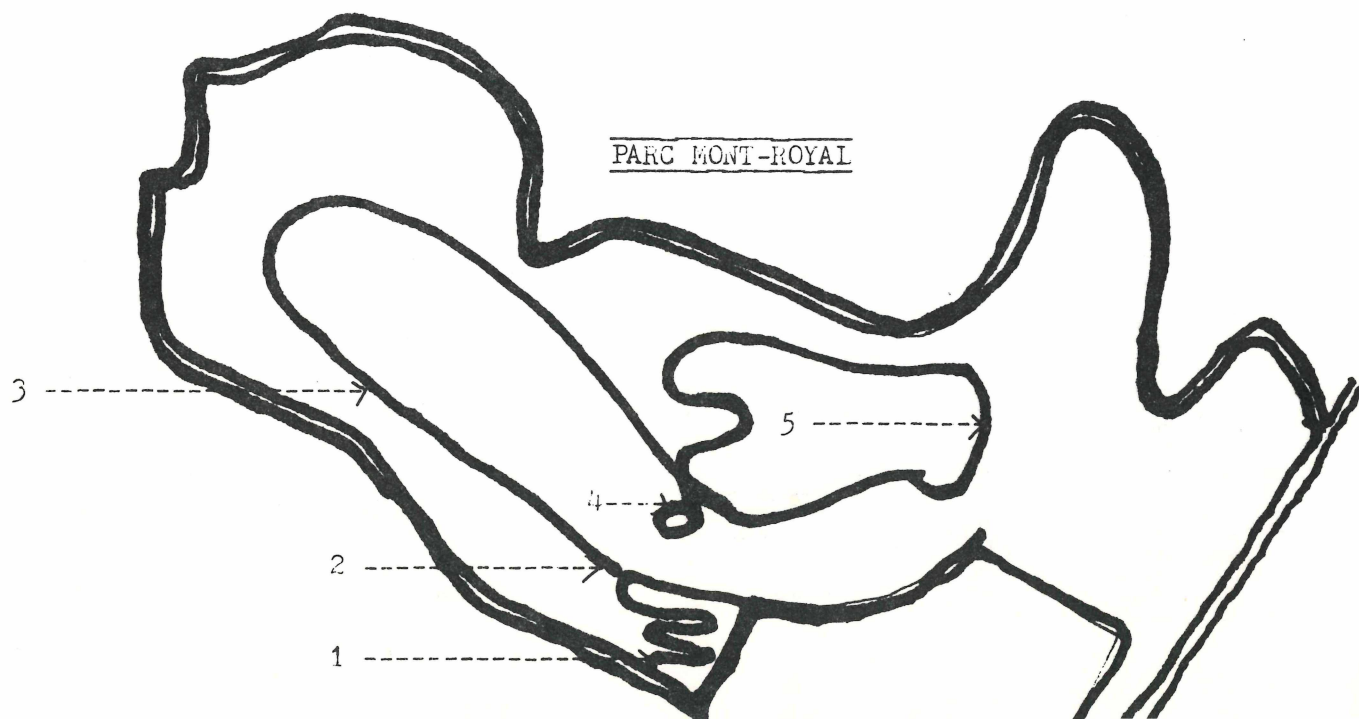
MONTREAL

Here's a nice little run, again in a major city park. In this case, the park is "Parc Mont-Royal," the wooded hill after which the city is named. This circuit should be especially attractive to Michael Douglas fans, since it covers some of the same territory Douglas chugged along as a slightly paunchy Olympic marathoner in the movie Running. I'll describe a basic route of about three miles.

The run starts just off the Ave. des Pins, about three blocks west of McGill University. (This point can be reached from either the "Guy" or the "Peel" metro stops--just go uphill about a quarter mile to Ave. des Pins. It can also be found from downtown by running roughly north--uphill--to McGill, then turning left just past the University for three blocks.) Here a footpath ① leads through a series of 4 switchbacks. Avoid the stairs going right up the middle of these switchbacks.

After the fourth switchback, a path joins from the left ②. Make a very sharp turn on this path, and follow it around and up the mountain ③ gradually curving to your right for about a mile, until you reach the lookout point at the top ④. Look out. Buy a souvenir, if you want, at the large old lodge. Then run back along the path on which you arrived, for about 50 yards and then fork right for another loop of about a mile ⑤. Halfway through this section of the run you will spot the cross to which Mr. Douglas inspirationally ascended in the movie. If you can tear yourself away, keep going another half-mile and you are back at the lookout point. Again, look out; the view is just as good the second time. For a six mile run, reverse the entire circuit. For a 5 miler, just head back down the first long loop ⑤ to the switchbacks. If you are exhausted, take the stairs which descend straight down from the lower left of the lookout area.

Since cars are not allowed in this park, you will be sharing this run only with other runner, walkers, an occasional mounted policeman, and similar wildlife.





"THE PACK"

2ND ANNUAL ICEBERG MARATHON Bangor Mar 1st

1. Andy Palmer	2:30:36
2. Rock Green	2:31:48
3. O.J. Logue III	2:33:28
4. Gary Allen	2:47:34
5. Dan Fishbein	2:49:56
6. Steve Russell	2:56:15
7. Gary Cochrane	2:58:17
8. Mark Dorion	2:58:58
9. Ken Newsome	3:00:45
10. John Pozniak	3:01:03
11. Darren Billings	3:03:49
12. Kevin White	3:23:09
13. Charles Francis	3:24:53
14. Phil Soule	3:28:16
15. Bob Jolicoeur	3:28:55
16. Charlie Gordon	3:37:54
17. Bill Gayton	3:37:56
18. Peter Gerdine	3:38:57
19. Glen Bailey	3:41:45
20. Julius Marzul	3:43:36
21. Eddie Brissette	3:50:26

Results courtesy of Bob Booker
Race Director

SKI RACK/WENDY'S 10K MUD RUN Bangor Mar 7

1. Dan Buck	33:47
2. Steve Carle	34:46
3. Conrad Walton (M)	34:50
4. Steve Dunlap	36:08
5. Steve Giles	36:24
6. Mark O'Flynn	38:21
7. John Condon	38:23
8. Greg Burby	40:14
9. Alan Lambert	40:26
10. Cliff Hatfield (M)	40:41
11. Bob Gaboury (M)	40:53
12. Bob Duprey	41:52
13. Larry Rich	43:30
14. Charles Francis	43:57
15. Paul Pierson	44:36
16. Ron Paquette	44:52
17. Scott Dunning	44:56
18. Donald Back	45:35
19. Kristina Winn*	46:44

22. Mark Spencer	49:51
23. Carol McElwee	53:07

Results courtesy of Bob Booker &
Skip Howard
Mutt & Jeff Productions

STATE OF MAINE AAU INDOOR TRACK & FIELD CHAMPIONSHIP ORONO Mar 8th

35 lb. weight

1. Bob LaPrade	43'3"
2. LeClair	
3. Smith	

Long Jump

1. Shawn Kuprewicz	20'7½"
2. Kevin Dyer	
3. Burrill	

Shot

1. Harold LeClair	44'
2. Bob LaPrade	
3. Smith	

Pole Vault

1. Scott Halliday	12'
2. Seekins	
3. Manzer	

Mile Walk

1. John LaFreniere	8:03.1
2. McCannell	
3. Albert	

Mile Run

1. Steve Giles	4:30.1
2. Ellis	
3. John Condon	

Sr. Master Mile

1. Jim Kein	5:00
-------------	------

1. Jerry Crommett	4:38.4
2. Dan Cake	
3. Dave Torrey	

300 yd.

1. Greg Harrison	32.7
2. Grondin	
3. McCannell	

60 yd. High Hurdles

1. Jeffery Luce	8.5
2. Seekins	
3. McClean	

Triple Jump

1. Kevin Dyer	44'8"
2. Shawn Kuprewicz	
3. McClean	

1000 yd.

1. Jaimey Caron	2:40.3
2. Landry	
3. Goulette	

60 yd.

1. Greg Harrison	6.6
2. Grondin	
3. Burrill	

600 yd.

1. Ken Patrice	1:22.8
2. Jaimey Caron	
3. Meserve	

High Jump

1. Kevin Dyer	6'
2. Kuprewicz	
3. Manzer	

2 Mile

1. Peter Bottomly	9:34.8
2. Plessy	
3. Price	

Women's Competition

High Jump		29. Kyle Rankin	37:42	124. Lynn Deeves*	49:48
1. Jennifer Gray	4'10"	30. Clint Foxwell	37:48	125. Dan Daily	50:00
2. Raley		31. Mike Hanley	37:56	126. David Daily	50:07
Mile Walk		32. Warren Dean	37:57	127. Ronald Shea	50:07
1. Ann Boneau	10:30.1	33. Dean Rasmussen	38:00	128. Gary White	50:10
2. Dupress		34. Dick Ballentine	38:01	129. Jim McDevitt	50:11
3. Pettinelli		35. Reginald Lesperance	38:11	130. Gary Bouchard	50:25
Long Jump		36. Glen Joseph	38:17	131. Harold Jones	50:27
1. Barbara Hardin	15'6½"	37. Doug Jordan	38:33	132. Darrell O'Leary	50:37
2. Csoros		38. Tom Swan	38:37	133. Ralph Snyder	50:37
3. Sutherland		39. Todd Allen	38:48	134. Margaret Williams*	50:37
Mile Run		40. Vernard Lewis	39:14	135. Betty J. Hahn*	50:49
1. Laurel Kowalsky	5:37.4	41. Bobby Baldwin	39:17	136. James Mitton	50:54
Shot Put		42. Greg Gray	39:17	137. Dorothy Stockard*	50:59
1. Diane LeClair	36'6"	43. Kevin T. Burns	39:22	138. Richard Ball	51:00
2. Humphrey		44. Andrew Abrams	39:25	139. Rene Laliberty*	51:08
3. Raley		45. Tony Whitman	39:27	140. Linda McNeh*	51:19
300 Yd		46. Bill Zayres	39:29	141. Ronda Luce*	51:37
1. Margaret Perkins	41.0	47. John Palmer	39:34	142. Richard R. Holt, Sr.	51:55
2. Clemente		48. Kevin White	39:36	143. Jim McCann	52:20
3. Sutherland		49. Richard Radziewicz	39:40	144. Peggy Prouty*	52:51
60 Yd. Hurdles		50. Mark Jose	39:48	145. Anne Norton*	53:13
1. Kay Dineen	9.2	51. John Woldgram	39:50	146. Donna Donald*	53:13
2. Bennett		52. Dennis Bates	39:53	147. Dianne Card*	53:24
3. Knowlan		53. Anthony Wands	40:00	148. Martha McGilpin*	54:00
600 yd		54. Thomas L. McWalters	40:11	149. Eugene Sheloske	55:05
1. Margaret Perkins	1:35.7	55. Gary O'Leary	40:16	150. Steve King	55:41
2. Kowalsky		56. Mark Austin	40:24	151. Cindy Lovitz	55:42
2 Mile		57. Robert Jolicouer	40:32	152. Verne Pinney	56:54
1. Laurel Kowalsky	13:09.2	58. Joe Caret	40:35	153. Wade Chipman	57:05
2. (tie)		59. Dan Rankin	40:40	154. Dot McCann*	57:49
Buneau & Dupress		60. Robert Nicholson	40:55	155. Betty Begin*	60:41
Triple Jump		61. Silas Lawry	40:58	156. David Begin	60:42
1. Kelly Bennett	31'7½"	62. Michael Roy	40:58		
2. Csoros		63. Robert Crosswell	40:59	Results courtesy of American Heart Assoc.	
3. Raley		64. Karen McCann*	41:10		
Results courtesy of Kevin Dyer Meet Director		65. John Kenney	41:25		
		66. Al Michelson	41:30		
		67. Andy Lilburn	41:33		
		68. Ron Paquette	41:44		
		69. Dick Sabine	41:48		
		70. Adrian Lilburn*	41:49		
		71. Tim Dean	41:56		
		72. Gerard Carey	41:59		
		73. Jeff Rosenblatt	42:14		
		74. Billy Dubois	42:25		
		75. Robert Garrett	42:50		
		76. Carl Howard	42:50		
		77. Ken Sylvester	42:56		
		78. Pauline Vashon*	42:57		
		79. Ben Smith	43:04		
		80. Mark McAleer	43:17		
		81. Bruce King, Jr.	43:26		
		82. David Glendenning	43:34		
		83. John Schwerdel	43:38		
		84. Dave Gugan	43:38		
		85. Gary Fitts	43:42		
		86. Daniel Delano	43:42		
		87. Dale Sproul	43:49		
		88. Ron Bonneufe	44:01		
		89. Peter Minnehan	44:17		
		90. Dennis Hayes	44:27		
		91. Donald Abrams	44:43		
		92. Evelyn King*	44:54		
		93. Patty Clapper*	44:57		
		94. Ernie Gallant	45:29		
		95. Julie Mathieu*	45:33		
		96. Jane Waddle*	45:46		
		97. Malcolm Lyons	45:52		
		98. Corey B. Hanson	45:55		
		99. Jim Bowse	46:00		
		100. Patrick Goodwin	46:14		
		101. James E. Moore, Jr.	46:30		
		102. Wes Card	46:41		
		103. Mary Clapper*	46:45		
		104. Stefan Johansen	46:46		
		105. Gene Roy	46:57		
		106. Hyla J. Tracy	46:58		
		107. Neil Chesley	47:27		
		108. Bruce Turcotte	47:37		
		109. Doug Breunig	47:56		
		110. Patricia Luce	47:59		
		111. Chris Dexter	48:00		
		112. Richard Holt	48:18		
		113. Laura Burbank*	48:22		
		114. Lucien Lessard	48:37		
		115. Bob Boynton	49:00		
		116. Christie Hendrick	49:10		
		117. Kate Brady*	49:10		
		118. Richard Dole	49:21		
		119. Leah Schuman*	49:31		

CORRECTIONS

After the 10k race in Bermuda in January the race results were posted with the state name after each runner's time, however, the same was not true of the marathon results and I missed the name of Wesley Roth-ermel of Yarmouth, who ran a 3:22:53. Sorry Wes!

Speaking of trips, watch out for Marathon Tours trip to the '81 New York City Marathon!

ST. PATRICK DAY RUN Waterville 10k Mar 15th

1. Hank Chipman	33:17
2. Chris Adams	33:21
3. Steve Dexter	33:39
4. Steve Giles	34:07
5. Jon Wescott	34:16
6. Eric McNott	34:29
7. Mickey Lackey	34:41
8. Paul Veilleux	34:45
9. John Condon	34:48
Glen Holyoke	34:48
11. John Mills	35:06
12. Carroll J. Caron	35:19
13. Doug Craib	35:22
14. Dave Baird	35:23
15. Todd McGraw	35:39
16. Glendon Rand	35:41
Mark O'Flynn	35:41
18. Rick Stuart	36:11
19. Chase Pray	36:30
20. Eric Ellis	36:38
21. Bryant Bourgoin	36:42
22. Gary Cochrane	36:53
23. Rich Brillard	37:09
24. Steve Dubord	37:15
25. Allen Pierce	37:15
26. Peter Lessard	37:20
27.	37:42
28. Ralph Thomas	37:42
29. Kyle Rankin	37:42
30. Clint Foxwell	37:48
31. Mike Hanley	37:56
32. Warren Dean	37:57
33. Dean Rasmussen	38:00
34. Dick Ballentine	38:01
35. Reginald Lesperance	38:11
36. Glen Joseph	38:17
37. Doug Jordan	38:33
38. Tom Swan	38:37
39. Todd Allen	38:48
40. Vernard Lewis	39:14
41. Bobby Baldwin	39:17
42. Greg Gray	39:17
43. Kevin T. Burns	39:22
44. Andrew Abrams	39:25
45. Tony Whitman	39:27
46. Bill Zayres	39:29
47. John Palmer	39:34
48. Kevin White	39:36
49. Richard Radziewicz	39:40
50. Mark Jose	39:48
51. John Woldgram	39:50
52. Dennis Bates	39:53
53. Anthony Wands	40:00
54. Thomas L. McWalters	40:11
55. Gary O'Leary	40:16
56. Mark Austin	40:24
57. Robert Jolicouer	40:32
58. Joe Caret	40:35
59. Dan Rankin	40:40
60. Robert Nicholson	40:55
61. Silas Lawry	40:58
62. Michael Roy	40:58
63. Robert Crosswell	40:59
64. Karen McCann*	41:10
65. John Kenney	41:25
66. Al Michelson	41:30
67. Andy Lilburn	41:33
68. Ron Paquette	41:44
69. Dick Sabine	41:48
70. Adrian Lilburn*	41:49
71. Tim Dean	41:56
72. Gerard Carey	41:59
73. Jeff Rosenblatt	42:14
74. Billy Dubois	42:25
75. Robert Garrett	42:50
76. Carl Howard	42:50
77. Ken Sylvester	42:56
78. Pauline Vashon*	42:57
79. Ben Smith	43:04
80. Mark McAleer	43:17
81. Bruce King, Jr.	43:26
82. David Glendenning	43:34
83. John Schwerdel	43:38
84. Dave Gugan	43:38
85. Gary Fitts	43:42
86. Daniel Delano	43:42
87. Dale Sproul	43:49
88. Ron Bonneufe	44:01
89. Peter Minnehan	44:17
90. Dennis Hayes	44:27
91. Donald Abrams	44:43
92. Evelyn King*	44:54
93. Patty Clapper*	44:57
94. Ernie Gallant	45:29
95. Julie Mathieu*	45:33
96. Jane Waddle*	45:46
97. Malcolm Lyons	45:52
98. Corey B. Hanson	45:55
99. Jim Bowse	46:00
100. Patrick Goodwin	46:14
101. James E. Moore, Jr.	46:30
102. Wes Card	46:41
103. Mary Clapper*	46:45
104. Stefan Johansen	46:46
105. Gene Roy	46:57
106. Hyla J. Tracy	46:58
107. Neil Chesley	47:27
108. Bruce Turcotte	47:37
109. Doug Breunig	47:56
110. Patricia Luce	47:59
111. Chris Dexter	48:00
112. Richard Holt	48:18
113. Laura Burbank*	48:22
114. Lucien Lessard	48:37
115. Bob Boynton	49:00
116. Christie Hendrick	49:10
117. Kate Brady*	49:10
118. Richard Dole	49:21
119. Leah Schuman*	49:31

SUBSCRIBE TO MAINE RUNNING

If you want to subscribe to Maine Running simply detach the postcard below and mail it with your complete address to:

Maine Running
PO Box 259
E. Holden, Me. 04429

When you subscribe send a check for \$15 or \$12.50 if you are renewing.

Yes, I simply can not live another day without having a yearly subscription to Maine Running Magazine. Make haste in forwarding my first issue to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Zip _____

Please include check for \$15.



RENTAL \$35 IF YOU PICK IT UP
\$50 IF I BRING IT TO YA.



MAINE'S FINEST SELECTION
OF RUNNING FOOTWEAR

NIKE, ADIDAS, NEW BALANCE

BROOKS, SAUCONY, CONVERSE

ETONIC AND AUTRY

COME SEE OUR SELECTION OF
RUNNING OUTERWEAR ALSO

207 maine mall south portland maine 04106
207/773-8131 603/431-4304

MAINE Running

Maine Running is published monthly in Bangor. The deadline for printed material is the 15th of the month. Race directors can submit applications as late as the 21st. Send \$15.00 and 600 applications to the address on the title page.

"Sporting Goods for All Seasons"
the Good Sports
3 Pleasant St, Brunswick



TROPHY WORLD

34 CENTRAL ST., BANGOR, ME. 04401
TEL. (207)-945-5032

FLAGS • PLAQUES • ENGRAVING • TROPHIES • AWARDS
CARVED WOOD SIGNS

ANNOUNCING THE INFLATION BEATER

TROPHY WORLD is pleased to announce what we consider to be your INFLATION BEATER!

We are offering a new line of trophies which are available in Gold with Blue or Green trim. The sizes available and the prices per size are as follows:

<u>ORDER NUMBER</u>	<u>OVERALL HEIGHT</u>	<u>COST PER TROPHY</u>
D-01G6	10"	\$ 6.70
D-02G6	11"	6.90
D-03G6	12"	7.10
E-01G6	13"	8.50
E-02G6	14"	8.90
E-03G6	15"	9.30
E-04G6	16"	9.75
E-05G6	17"	10.25

The above prices are quoted on Size #6 figures. See inside cover of our catalog to determine which items are available in Size #6 figures. Larger figure sizes are available at additional costs.

Our supplier has advised that he will try to fill all of our orders during the upcoming Yearend School Season; however, to insure that YOU TOO can enjoy this INFLATION BEATER, why not order now? An order placed now will GUARANTEE delivery when you present your awards in the latter part of May or June. Of course, these trophies and LOW PRICES are also available now for your current needs.

If you have any questions on the above, please don't hesitate to contact us at 945-5032.

MOST ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 2 DAYS.

The Bethel Inn & Country Club

2nd Annual Weekend for Runners June 5th & 6th 1981

What a great way to start the summer! A complete weekend at the Bethel Inn, just an hour and a half from Portland.

RACE SCHEDULE

Saturday, 10AM 10K (6.2 Miles)

Sunday, 10AM Half Marathon (13.1 Miles)

Wheel measured courses - maps available race day

Course Records: Kim Wetlaufer — 31:17

Gene Coffin — 1:08:56



AWARDS FOR EACH RACE

1-10 Open • First 5 Women • 30 & Over(3) • 35 & Over(3) • 40 & Over(3) • 45 & Over(3)
50 & Over(3) • Middle of pack award • Boys 16 & under(3) • T-shirts to first 100 finishers

Both races under supervision of the Maine Track Club. \$3.00 entry fee for each race.
Registration time for each race: 8:30 a.m.

The weekend package includes all entry fees, Friday & Saturday night lodging, dinner Friday & Saturday, breakfast Saturday & Sunday, plus a running clinic with movies at 3:00 p.m. Saturday.

It also includes use of all facilities of the Inn...golf, tennis, sailing, swimming, a sauna & live entertainment.

Prices are for the complete weekend, including lodging, food, gratuities & taxes, running clinic, movies & use of all the Inn's facilities. Rates start at just \$67.00 per person, double occupancy & go to \$91.00, depending on accommodations.

Make your reservations now for a great weekend. Singles, couples or families (with special rates for kids). A good time for all.

For Reservations Call: THE BETHEL INN, BETHEL, MAINE 04217, Tel. (207) 824-2175
Race Director: BRIAN T. GILLESPIE, 3 GRACE ST., PORTLAND, MAINE, Tel. (207) 772-3617

MAINE TRACK CLUB

Sri Chinmoy 3-Mile Road Race

May 24, 1981



START: 8 a.m. Brunswick High School, McKeen St., Brunswick.

DIRECTIONS: Heading away from Route One on Maine St. in Brunswick, take a right on McKeen St. (opposite Bowdoin College). When you reach Spring St., you will see the High School on your right.

SERVICES TO RUNNERS: Splits and aid each mile. Flat course, certification pending. Free post race refreshments.

AWARDS: Trophies and medals to top finishers in each division.

ENTRY FEE: \$2 pre-entry. \$3 late entry. Registration on race day will be at Brunswick High School 7 - 7:45 a.m.

RACE DIRECTOR: Russ Lawson. For information call 729-5825.

APPLICATION - Sri Chinmoy 3 - mile Road Race May 24, 1981

PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE:

LAST NAME: _____ FIRST NAME _____ SEX _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS: _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE: _____ / / \$2 pre-entry / / \$3 late entry (after May 20)

In consideration of acceptance of this entry, I for myself, heirs and assigns waive and release any and all rights and claims for personal damages I may have against the persons and officials of this race.

Signature _____

Please make checks payable to: Russell Lawson

Mail to: Russ Lawson, P.O. Box 475, Bath, ME 04530

SPONSORED BY THE SRI CHINMOY RUNNING CLUB

the
2nd annual
MUSTANG
road race

SPONSORED BY:

- THE ATHLETIC ATTIC
- AL'S SPORTS
- THE HOCKEY SHOPPE
- OLYMPIAD ATHLETIC CO. INC.
- THE GOOD SPORTS
- BURGER KING OF AUBURN
- WENDY'S OF AUBURN
- McDONALD'S OF AUBURN

BY THE CMVTI RUNNING CLUB TO BENEFIT
THE NELSON INGALLS SCHOLARSHIP FUND

WHEN: SUNDAY, MAY 17TH, 1981
10:00 A.M. START
8:30 - 9:45 A.M. REGISTRATION

WHERE: START AND FINISH AT CMVTI 1250 TURNER STREET AUBURN, MAINE
REFRESHMENTS & SHOWERS AVAILABLE AT CMVTI DORMITORY

COURSE: 5 MILES (8.05 KM) ▪ WHEEL MEASURED ▪ MAPS AVAILABLE
RACE DAY ▪ COURSE RECORD: 26.22 CHRIS ADAMS ▪

DIVISIONS: (TROPHIES AND/OR MERCHANDISE AWARDS FOR):

- 1 - 3 OPEN MEN
- 1 - 3 OPEN WOMEN
- M, F 30 - 39 YRS OF AGE
- M, F 40 - OVER YRS OF AGE
- 1 BEST GROUP PARTICIPATION (MUST BE REGISTERED AS A GROUP).
- 1 CMVTI STUDENT
- 1 YOUNGEST
- 1 OLDEST
- 1 MIDDLE OF PACK

FREE- MUSTANG ROAD RACE T-SHIRT TO FIRST 50 TO REGISTER.

REGISTRATION ENTRY FEE: \$2.50 IN ADVANCE / \$3.00 RACE DAY

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

MALE _____ FEMALE _____ AGE _____ GROUP AFFILIATION _____
(IF APPLICABLE)

MAIL TO: ALAN RUSSELL / RACE DIR.
Box 33 CMVTI
1250 TURNER STREET
AUBURN, MAINE 04210

IN CONSIDERATION OF ACCEPTANCE OF THIS ENTRY, I, FOR MYSELF, MY HEIRS, MY EXECUTORS AND ADMINISTRATORS WAIVE AND RELEASE ANY AND ALL RIGHTS AND CLAIMS FOR DAMAGES I MAY HAVE AGAINST THE SPONSORS OF THIS RACE AT CENTRAL MAINE VOCATIONAL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, IN THE CITY OF AUBURN, AND THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THESE ORGANIZATIONS, THEIR AGENTS, REPRESENTATIVES OR ASSIGNS FOR ANY AND ALL INJURIES BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THIS RACE.

SIGNATURE

Shop 'n Save 1981 ROAD RACE

A 10 kilometer road race, sponsored by Shop 'n Save Supermarkets and The Hannaford Bros. Co., will take place on Sunday, May 10, 1981. The race is open to all interested persons.

Registration: By mail before May 2, 1981, or registration on site on day of race.

Starting Time: 10:00 a.m. Numbers will be distributed at the registration table.

Entry Fee: \$2.00 - make checks payable to Shop 'n Save.

The first 100 to register will receive an official Shop 'n Save Race T-Shirt free.

Directions: The Gorham Shop 'n Save Supermarket, site of the start and finish of the race is located on Rte. 25 in the center of Gorham.

Awards:

Men 18 & Under - Trophies for first three places
Men 19-29 - Trophies for first three places
Men 30-39 - Trophies for first three places
Men 40-49 - Trophies for first three places
Men 50 & over - Trophies for first three places
Special Shop 'n Save Trophies for first three places

Women 18 & Under - Trophies for first three places
Women 19-29 - Trophies for first three places
Women 30-39 - Trophies for first three places
Women 40 & Over - Trophies for first three places
Special Shop 'n Save Trophies for first three places

First 10 Finishers in 1980

1. John Gardener
2. Dan Barker
3. Ralph Thomas
4. Sam S. Sleeper
5. Scott Mannette
6. Richard Mulhern
7. Mike Towle
8. Roger Foster
9. George Towle
10. Peter Bastow

GIFT CERTIFICATES of \$100-\$50-\$25 for the first 3 open finishers in the men's and women's open division, redeemable at any Shop 'n Save Store.

Official Entry Form

Shop 'n Save Road Race So. Portland, Maine May 10, 1981

I hereby apply for entry as a participant in the "Shop 'n Save Road Race" to be conducted on May 10, 1981. I fully understand that there are risks involved in my participation in such an activity, due, among other things, to the physical exertion required, participation by other persons, and the public nature of the course. In consideration of my application being accepted and me being granted participating status in this race, I knowingly assume any and all risks connected with my participation in the race and, for myself, my heirs and assigns I hereby waive, release and hold harmless Hannaford Bros. Co. and Shop 'n Save Supermarkets from any claims, causes of actions, or responsibility which may arise as the result of my participation in this race.

Furthermore, I hereby irrevocably grant the sponsors a license to utilize the information provided in the application and any pictures taken prior to, during or after the race for whatever publicity purposes they deem appropriate.

T-SHIRTS FREE
TO THE FIRST 100
REGISTRANTS
...

"GO FOR TEN ON THE NINTH"
SAT. MAY 9 at 10:00 AM



BRUNSWICK ROTARY ROAD RACE

START NEXT TO
BRUNSWICK
JR. HIGH SCH.

PRIZES (TROPHIES) TO

- FIRST 3 MALE and FEMALE
- FIRST 3 OVER 40
- FIRST 3 OVER 50

\$3.00 ENTRY FEE

MAIL CHECK AND COMPLETED ENTRY TO

CHARLES EPPS

P.O. BOX 248

TOPSHAM, MAINE 04086

A WHEEL MEASURED COURSE / WATER STATIONS / TIME SPLITS AVAILABLE



BRUNSWICK ROTARY CLUB SPONSORS A

"GO FOR TEN AT TEN ON THE NINTH RACE"

NAME _____

AGE _____ SEX _____

ADDRESS _____

BEST RACE THIS YEAR _____

DISTANCE _____ TIME _____

RACE WAIVER: I AGREE TO ASSUME ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ALL RISK OF DAMAGE OR INJURY THAT MAY OCCUR TO ME AS A PARTICIPANT IN THIS EVENT. I HEREBY, FOR MYSELF, MY HEIRS, EXECUTORS AND ADMINISTRATORS, RELEASE AND DISCHARGE THE BRUNSWICK ROTARY CLUB AND ALL PERSONS ASSOCIATED WITH THIS EVENT FROM ALL CLAIMS, DAMAGES, CAUSES OF ACTION, PRESENT OR FUTURE, KNOWN OR UNKNOWN, ANTICIPATED OR UNANTICIPATED, WHICH RESULT FROM, ARISE OUT OF, OR ARE INCIDENT TO MY PARTICIPATION IN THIS EVENT.

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I AM PHYSICALLY FIT AND SUFFICIENTLY TRAINED FOR COMPETITION IN THIS EVENT.

SIGNATURE _____

PARENT OR GUARDIAN _____
(if under 18)

T SHIRT SIZE _____ MED _____ LARGE _____

Make checks payable to:

BRUNSWICK ROTARY CLUB



3RD ANNUAL

10 KILOMETER ROAD RACE

Sponsored by Athletic Attic

* OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK *

Please enter me in the Athletic Attic 10 Kilometer Road Race.

Place: Bangor Mall, Bangor, Maine

Date: May ⁹~~10~~, 1981 Time: 8:30 am

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip _____

Phone: _____ Age: _____ Sex: _____

Divisions: 14 and under _____ 15-19 _____

20-29 _____ 30-39 _____ 40 and over _____

Running Club Affiliation: _____

ENTRY FEE: \$3.00

In consideration of this entry being accepted I, for myself, my heirs, executors, administrators waive and release any and all rights and claims for personal damages I may have against officials and race sponsors. I attest and verify that I have full knowledge of the risks in this event and I am physically fit to participate in this event.

Signature _____ Date _____

*Parents signature is required if participant is under 18 yrs. of age.



RACE INFORMATION

Starting Time: 8:30 a.m.

Registration: 7:30 to 8:15 a.m. Bangor Mall, behind J.C. Penney, or by mail before May 6. All runners should report to the start early to avoid any delay in starting.

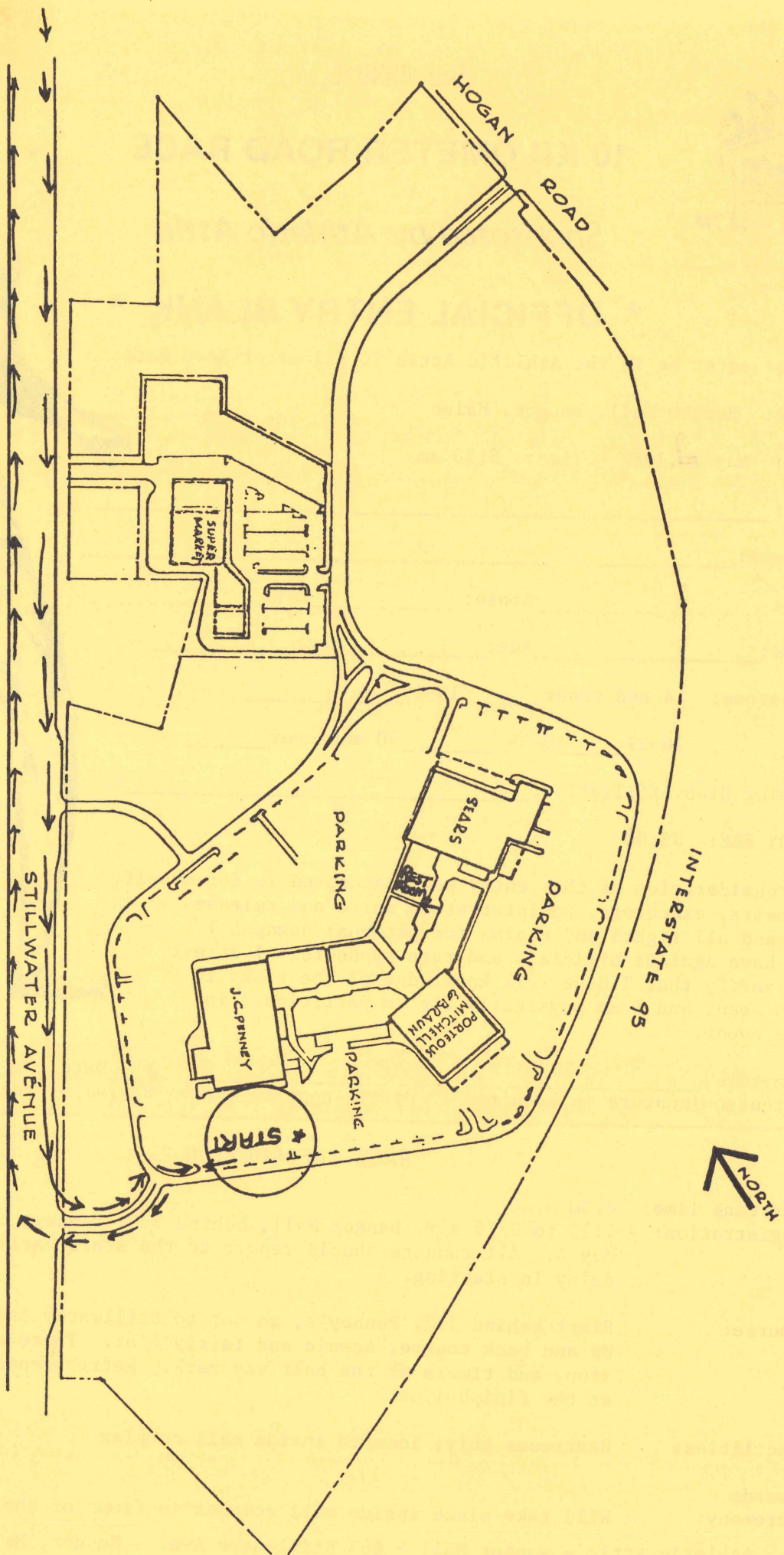
Course: Start behind J.C. Penney's, go out to Stillwater Ave. (paved street). Up and back course, scenic and fairly flat. There will be one water stop, and timers at the half way mark. Refreshments will be served at the finish line.

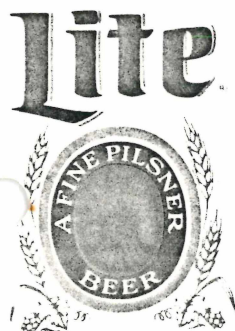
Facilities: Restrooms only; located inside mall complex

Awards

Ceremony: Will take place inside mall complex in front of the Athletic Attic.

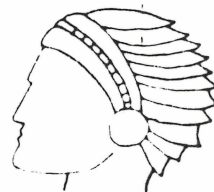
Athletic Attic - Bangor Mall - 663 Stillwater Ave. - Bangor, Me 04401 - 947-6880





**Maine Roadrunning
Team Championship
1981 Series for the
Androscoggin Harriers Bowl**

**THE
HARRIERS**



RACE # 1 - Sunday , May 3rd , 1981 - 1:00 p.m.
10,000 meters (wheel measured)

Andy Valley Racquet Club , Lewiston , Maine
(Exit 13 off Maine Turnpike)

TEAM SCORING BY TOTAL PARTICIPATION SYSTEM - HIGH SCOREWINS :
"A" DIVISION - Top five from each club .
"OVERALL DIVISION" - TOTAL POINTS OF ALL FINISHERS PER CLUB .

AWARDS :

- | | | |
|---|----------------------|-------------|
| 1. First - Man, Woman | " LITE " | Jackets |
| 2. Second , fifth - Overall | " | Warm-up top |
| 3. Second , third - Woman | " | " " " |
| 4. First , Second - 35,44 man , woman | " LITE " | Jackets |
| 5. First , Second - 45,54 man , woman | " | " |
| 6. First , 55 and older | " LITE JACKET | |
| 7. First , second - 16 and under
(man , woman) | " LITE " Jacket | |
| 8. Oldest finisher | " LITE " Warm-up top | |
| 9. Youngest finisher | " " " " | |

Sponsored by the Androscoggin Running Club , and United Dist. of Maine - " LITE "

Post race refreshments and awards presentation at Andy Valley Racquet Club .

ENTRY FEE : \$ 2.00 , Maximum \$ 10.00 per club . (One-half proceeds to go to U.S. Olympic Team fund .)

ENTRY FORM

(\$ 2.00 - Please attach)

NAME : _____ AGE : _____ SEX : _____

ADDRESS : _____ CLUB : _____

(In no way will I hold the above club , and/or Sponsor of this event liable for any injuries which I might sustain in this roadrunning competition .)

Mail to ; Androscoggin Running Club
c/o Mr. Bill Sayres
RFD 3 , Box 308
Auburn , Maine 04210
Phone ; 783-3954 (home)
784-4548 (office)

SIGNATURE

Parent , Guardian if under 16

FOURTH ANNUAL GOLDSMITH'S RUNNERS CLASSIC
SUNDAY APRIL 26TH, 10:00 A.M.

13.8 MILE LOOP STARTS AND FINISHES AT OLD TOWN HIGH SCHOOL;
FIRST 6 MILES HILLY, LAST 7.8 IS MOSTLY FLAT. WATER POINTS
AT 3-6-9-12 MILES; MILE MARKERS; MOBILE SAFETY AND FIRST AID
UNITS.

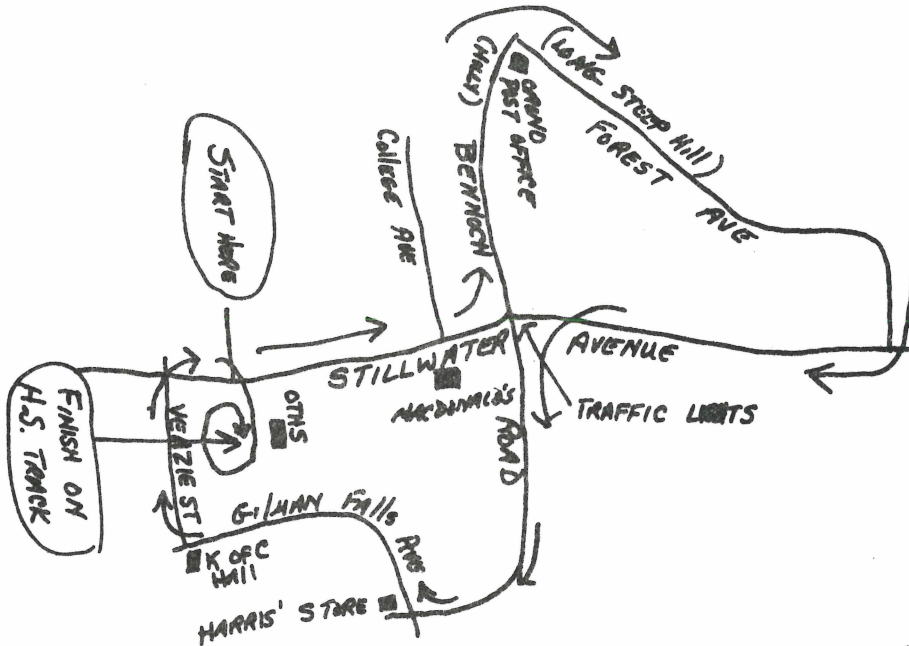
AWARDS: FIRST FIVE FINISHERS OVERALL (MALE & FEMALE DIVISIONS)

FIRST PLACE FINISHERS (MALE & FEMALE) IN SIX DIVISIONS:

0-14; 15-19; 20-29; 30-39; 40-49; 50 AND OLDER.

TEAM AWARDS: FIRST PLACE MEN & WOMEN'S

ENTRY FEE: 2.00 COMMEMORATIVE TEE-SHIRT 3.00



MAP OF 13.8 ROUTE

1981 ENTRY FORM
GOLDSMITH'S 13.8 MILE RUNNERS' CLASSIC

NAME: _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS: _____ TEL. _____

COMMEMORATIVE T-SHIRT 3.00 YES NO ENTRY FEE 2.00 TOTAL

WAIVER: IN CONSIDERATION OF ACCEPTANCE OF THIS ENTRY, I, FOR MYSELF, HEIRS, AND ASSIGNS, WAIVE AND RELEASE ANY AND ALL RIGHTS AND CLAIMS FOR PERSONAL DAMAGES I MAY HAVE AGAINST THE OFFICIALS, VOLUNTEERS, SPONSORS OR TOWNS INVOLVED IN THIS ROAD RACE.

SIGNATURE:

IF UNDER 18 PARENTS OR GUARDIAN MUST SIGN BELOW:

Foxcroft Academy Sports Club 2nd Annual

10 K Foot Race & Spaghetti Feed

Saturday, April 25, 1981

Registration begins at 9:30 at Foxcroft Academy, Dover-Foxcroft, ME. Race starts at 10:30 a.m., rain or shine. Course description: Runners will start and finish at Foxcroft Academy. Fairly level course; one set of small hills at one mile mark followed by slow decline for 1/2 to 3/4 of a mile. Water station & splits at the 3.1 mile mark.

Entry Fee: pre-registration \$2.00; \$2.50 day of the race.

Awards: Gift certificates to male & female age group winners: 24 and under, 25-34, 35-44, 45 and over.

Facilities-restrooms, locker rooms, and showers.

Spaghetti Feed at 12:00 noon for \$1.00 to runners, and \$2.00 to public. Hot rolls, salad and drink included. Bring your family.

In consideration of acceptance of this entry, I, for myself, heirs, and assigns waive and release any and all rights and claims for personal damages I may have against the persons and officials for this race.

Name _____
Address _____
Phone _____ Sex _____ Age _____
Signature _____
(Guardian if under 18)

Make checks payable to: Foxcroft Academy Sports Club
Gary Worthing, Race Director
Foxcroft Academy
Dover-Foxcroft, ME 04426
Tel. 564-8351

CHINA 10K CLASSIC



10,000 Meters (6.2 miles) Road Race and 1½-mile Fun Run

GOOD TIME FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

WHEN: Saturday, April 11, 1981 - 10:30 A.M.,
Rain or Shine.

WHERE: China Elementary School, Route 202,
So. China, Maine.

SPONSORS: Friends of China Elementary
School.

BENEFIT: China Elementary School.

AWARDS: Free T-shirts to first 100 regis-
trants. Trophies, ribbons, and merchandise will be
awarded to first and second finishers in each
division.

DIVISIONS: Men's and Women's.
Ages - 14 and under 30 - 39
 15 - 19 40 - 49
 20 - 29 50 and older

REFRESHMENTS: FREE COLD DRINKS
TO ALL RUNNERS! FREE LUNCH TO ALL WIN-
NERS! Lunch will be available to all others at \$3.00.

REGISTRATION: 10K ROAD RACE - \$4.00
pre-registration fee before **April 4th**. Free T-shirt to
first 100 registrants. \$4.50 fee after April 4th, and
on race day from 9:00 a.m. to 10:15 a.m.

1½-MILE FUN RUN - A special 1½-mile Fun Run
will be featured for all non-racing entries. \$2.00
entry fee. Certificates will be awarded to all fin-
ishers.

Name _____

Sex _____ Age _____

Address _____

T-Shirt Size: S M L
(CIRCLE ONE)

In consideration of this entry being accepted, I for myself, my heirs and assigns hereby waive and release any and rights
and claims I may have against the sponsors of this race.

Signature _____

Parent's Signature if under 18 _____

MAIL TO: China 10K Classic, c/o Bob Boynton, Box 36, So. China, Me. 04358

Make Check Payable To: Friends of China Elementary School (F.O.C.E.S.).

For additional information contact Race directors: Bob Boynton, 207-445-2884 or Kevin Purcell, 207-445-2047.

2ND ANNUAL

ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL
SPRING RUN

sponsored by

ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL

ST.
JOSEPH
HOSPITAL

DATE : Saturday, April 11, 1981

WHERE : ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL (Parking Lot)
297 Center Street
Bangor, Maine 04401

DISTANCE : 5 Kilometers (3.1 miles)

TIME : 10:00 A.M.

ENTRY FEE: \$2.00 Registration Fee - Payable with registration
\$4.00 Registration Fee with T-Shirts
Make Checks Payable To: St. Joseph Hospital
c/o Community Relations Dept.

PRE-REGISTRATION & REGISTRATION: 9:00 A.M.

T-SHIRT TO THE FIRST 100 ENTRANTS

RIBBONS WILL BE AWARDED IN THE FOLLOWING DIVISIONS:

1st - 3rd Men's Open	1st - 3rd Boys & Girls (10&Under)
1st - 3rd Women's Open	1st - 3rd Boys (11 to 14)
1st - 3rd Men's Master's Over 40	1st - 3rd Boys (15 to 18)
1st - 3rd Women's Master's Over 40	1st - 3rd Girls (11 to 14)
Youngest Finisher	1st - 3rd Girls (15 to 18)
Oldest Finisher	1st - 3rd St. Joseph Employee-Men
	1st - 3rd " " " -Women

FEATURES: One Aid Station At Midway Point (Includes Time)
Finish Time

Proceeds From Run Will Be Used For The Renovation Of The I.C.U.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

IN CONSIDERATION OF THIS ENTRY BEING ACCEPTED, I FOR MYSELF, MY HEIRS,
AND ASSIGNS HEREBY WAIVE AND RELEASE ANY AND ALL RIGHTS AND CLAIMS I
MAY HAVE AGAINST THE SPONSORS OF THIS RACE.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ M _____ F _____

AGE _____ DIVISION ENTERING _____

SIGNATURE _____ SIZE S M L

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN FOR THOSE UNDER 18 _____

1ST ANNUAL HUSSON COLLEGE CHIEFWEEK BRAVE RUN '81

WHERE: Newman Gym, Husson College

WHEN: 12:00 April 11, 1981

COURSE: 10K loop on K'd, 14th
and Ohio.

AWARDS: All runners will receive
special awards.

* First 5 Male and Female

* First 3 Husson Students

* First 3 over 40

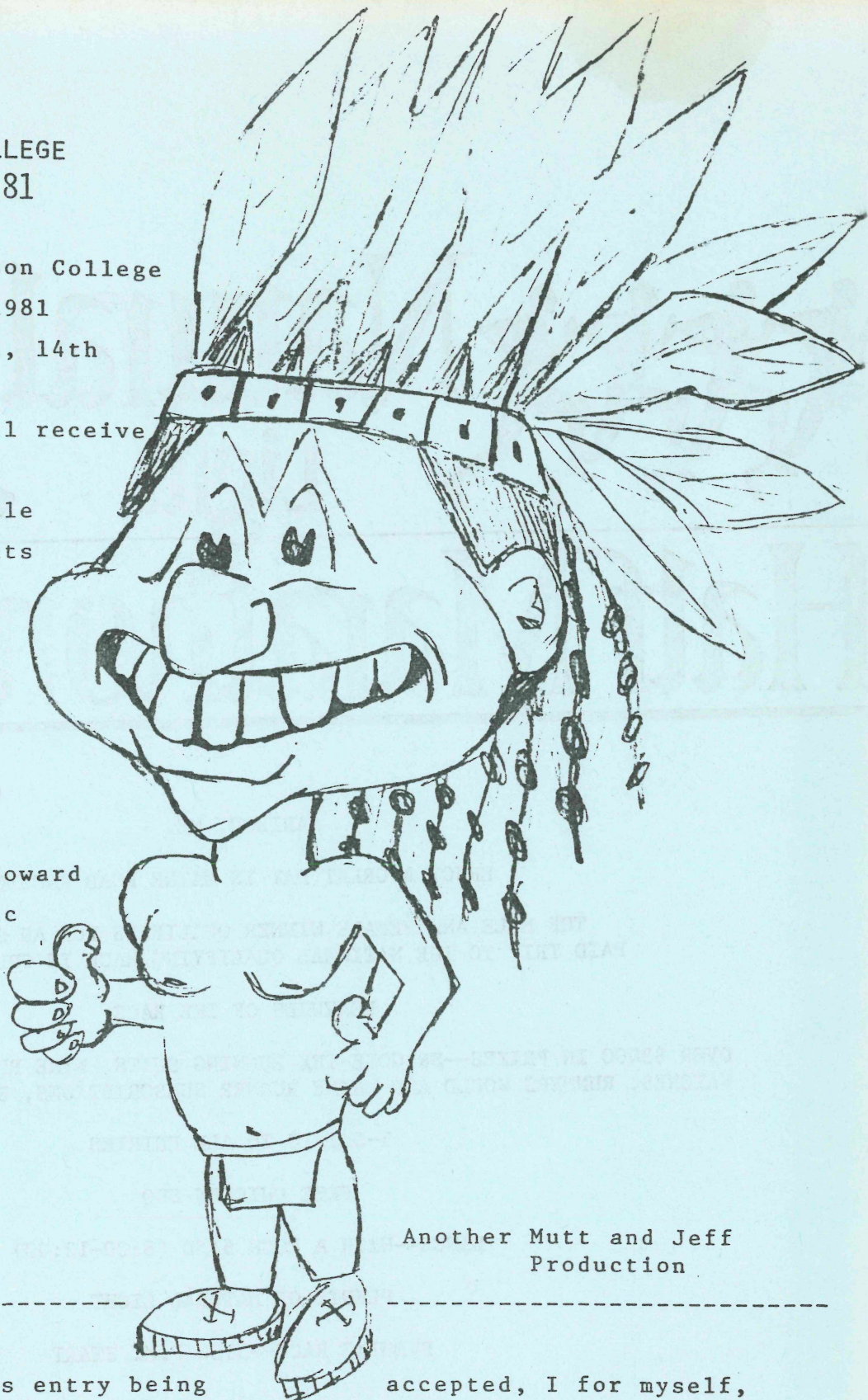
* First 3 under 15

Plus some surprises

REGISTRATION: Newman
Gym on the day of the
event starting at 11:00

ENTRY FEE: \$3.00

RACE DIRECTORS: Skip Howard
& Bob Booker of Athletic
Attic. Call: 947-6880



Another Mutt and Jeff
Production

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

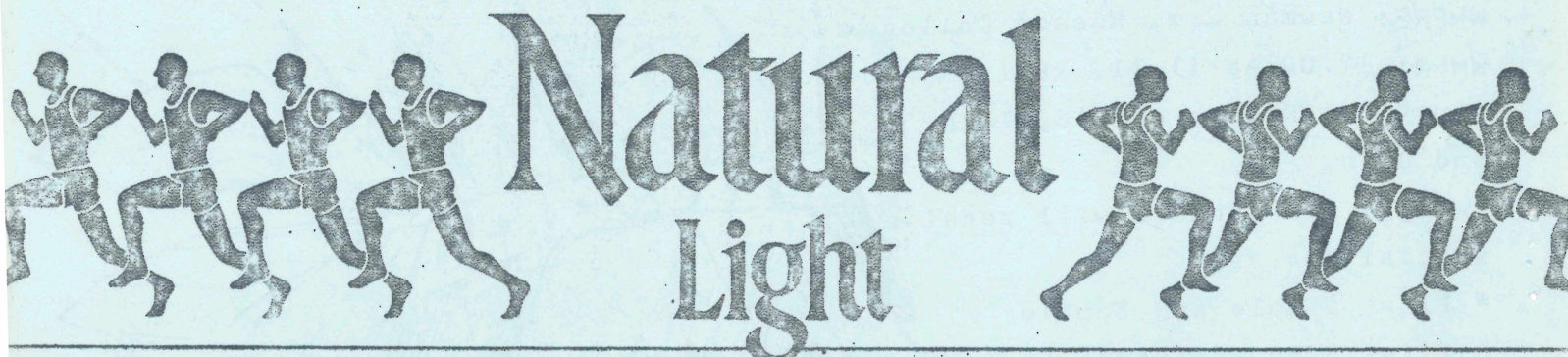
In consideration of this entry being _____ accepted, I for myself,
my heirs, and assigns hereby waive and release any and all rights and
claims I may have against the sponsors of this race.

Name: _____ Address: _____ M F

Age _____

Signature: _____

Signature of parent or guardian for those under 18 _____



Half Marathon Series

CARIBOU, ME.

ENJOY A GREAT DAY IN MAINE ROAD RACING

THE MALE AND FEMALE WINNER QUALIFIES FOR AN EXPENSE
PAID TRIP TO THE NATIONAL QUALIFYING RACE IN ORLEANS, MASS.

FEATURES OF THE RACE

OVER \$3000 IN PRIZES--ER GORE-TEX RUNNING SUITS, NIKE RUNNING SHOES, CASIO
WATCHES, RUNNERS WORLD AND MAINE RUNNER SUBSCRIPTIONS, BLACK SLATE TRIVETS

T-SHIRTS TO ALL ENTRIES

FREE CHICKEN BBQ

DANCE--WITH A ROCK BAND (8:00-12:00)

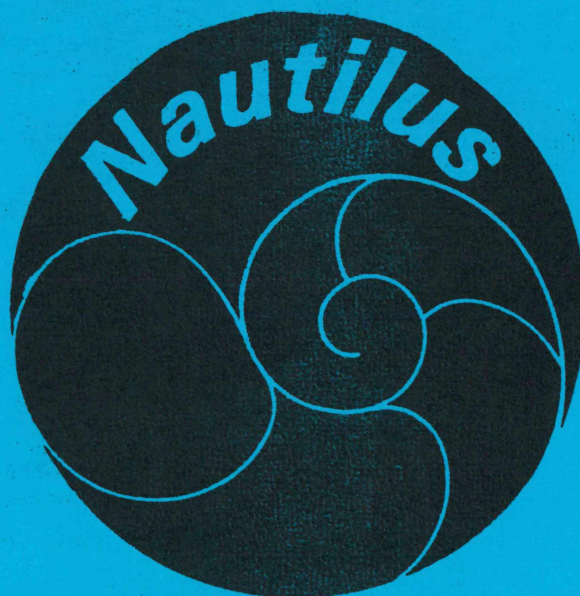
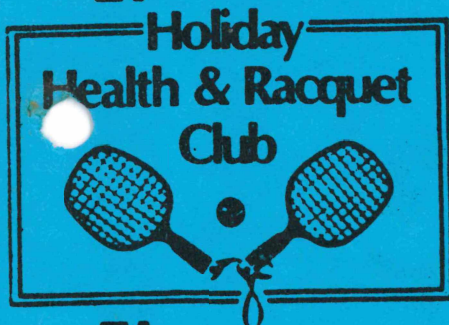
PLENTY OF NATURAL LIGHT

EVENING RACE--5:30 P.M. START

MAKE PLANS NOW FOR A WEEKEND TO REMEMBER
JUNE 20TH, 1981

WATCH NEXT MONTH FOR APPLICATIONS AND FURTHER DETAILS

APRIL SIGNUP



PROGRAM



INDIVIDUAL PROGRAMS



SUPERVISED INSTRUCTION



DIETS - WEIGHT CONTROL
NUTRITION CONSULTANTS

EQUIPMENT

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. HIP & BACK MACHINE | 6. LEG EXTENSION MACHINE |
| 2. LEG CURL MACHINE | 7. HIP ABDUCTOR - ADDUCTOR |
| 3. SUPER PULLOVER MACHINE | 8. DOUBLE CHEST MACHINE |
| 4. DOUBLE SHOULDER MACHINE | 9. 4-WAY NECK MACHINE |
| 5. MULTI CURL MACHINE | 10. MULTI TRICEP MACHINE |
| 11. ABDOMINAL MACHINE | |

BANGOR MALL 947-6880
AUBURN MALL 786-2507